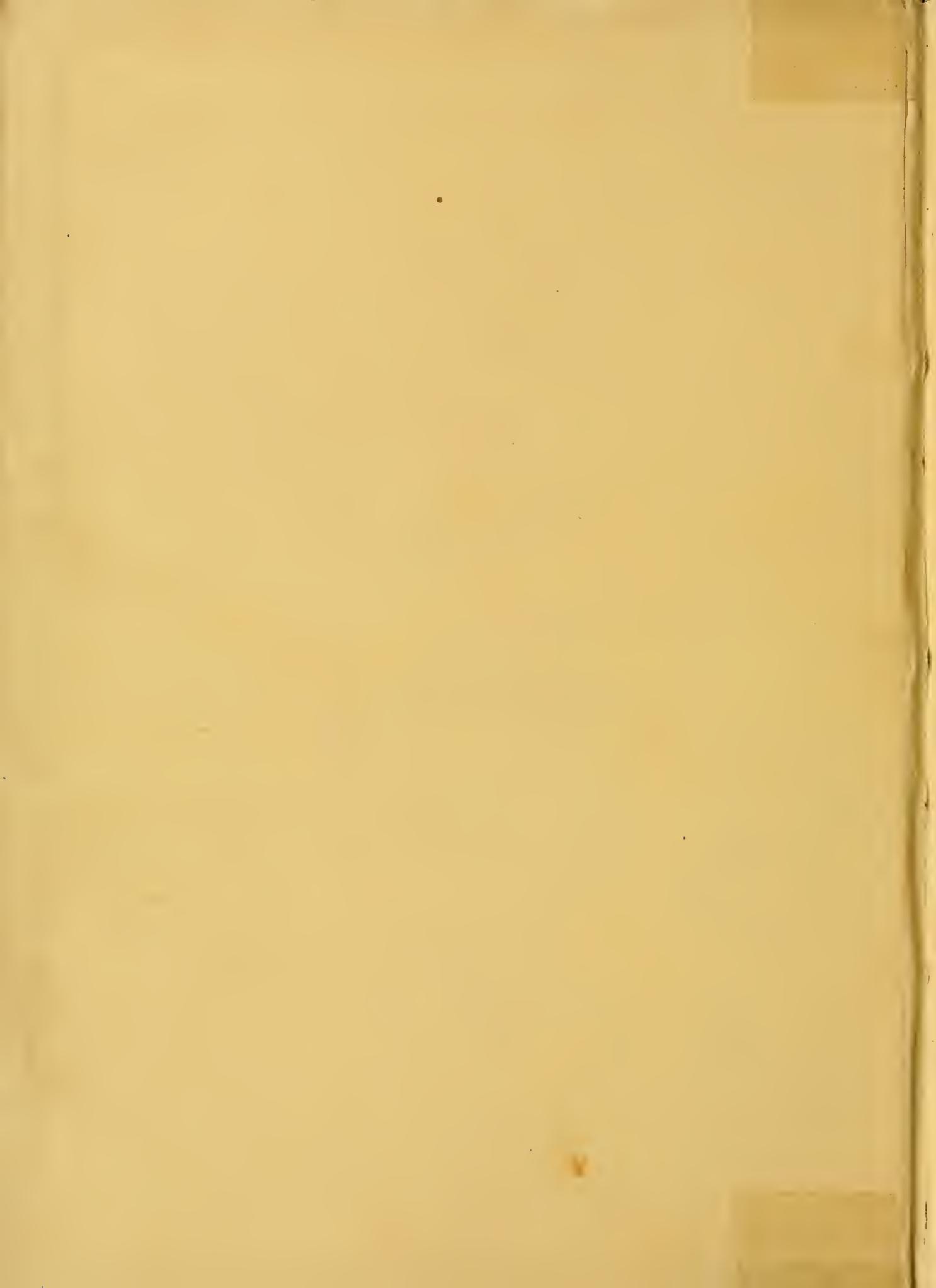


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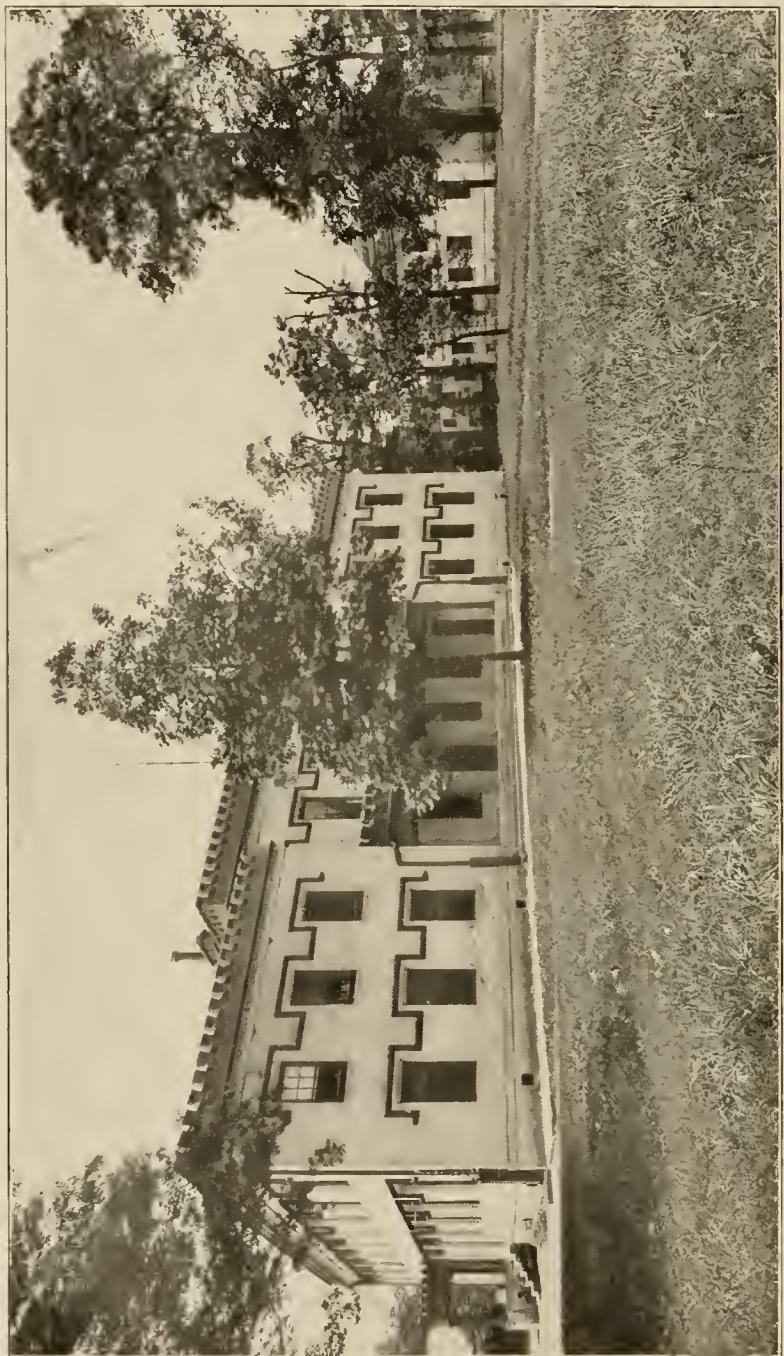
Augusta College

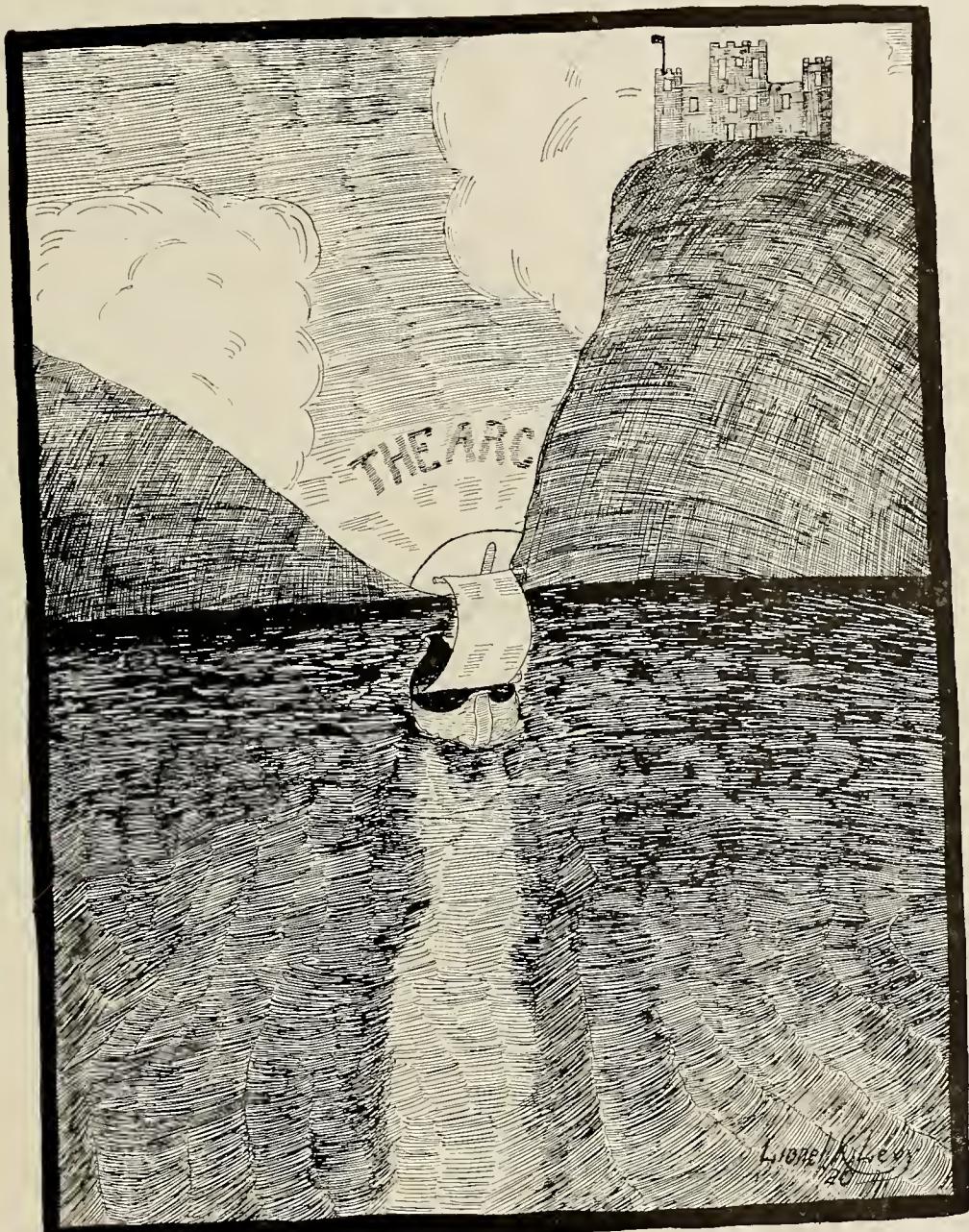
Augusta, Georgia



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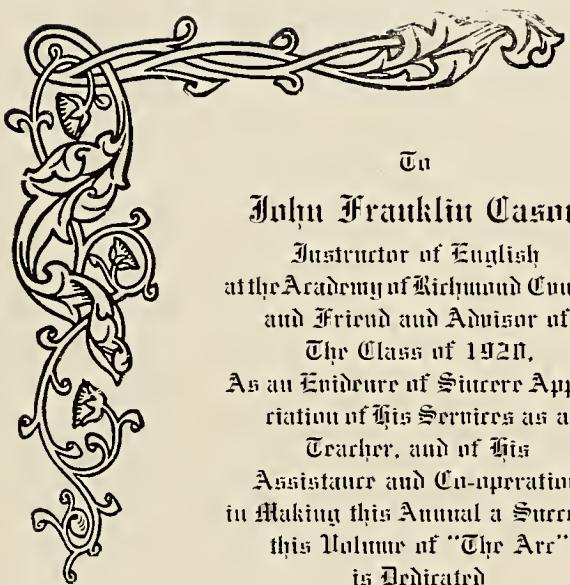
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LIOREL K. LEWIS
2011





To

John Franklin Cason

Instructor of English
at the Academy of Richmond County
and Friend and Advisor of
The Class of 1920.
As an Evidence of Sincere Appre-
ciation of His Services as a
Teacher, and of His
Assistance and Co-operation
in Making this Annual a Success,
this Volume of "The Arc"
is Dedicated



THE ARC

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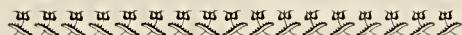
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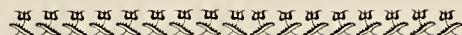
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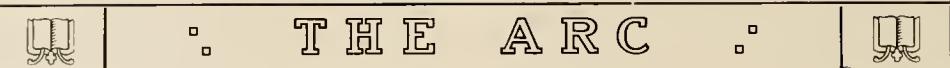
MARION VERDERY



Foreword

Our aim throughout, in publishing this Annual, has been to gather into permanent form all that is a true expression of our High School life. And so, within its pages, we have endeavored to collect not only the various and varied activities of the school as a whole, but even the habits and characteristics of the students themselves. With the hope that in the years to come, this book may serve to keep bright the memories of our school days at the Academy of Richmond County, we present to the school this, the 1920 volume of "The ARC."





Foundation of The Academy of Richmond County

THE Academy of Richmond County is the oldest educational institution in Georgia, and the fourth oldest in the United States. The Statute of 1783, under which it was created, may not be a technical charter, and no corporate name was given to the Board, which, though not called Trustees of the Richmond Academy, was referred to sometimes as the Commissioners of Richmond County, sometimes as the Trustees of Augusta, and sometimes as the Trustees of the Academy and the Church. The original act did not designate the duties of the Board. They exercised all manner of powers, many of them diverse, and from our present standpoint incongruous. It laid out the town, numbered the lots, named the streets, built St. Paul's Church, managed the Academy and chose the teachers, ran a lottery, repaired the river bank, narrowed Broad and Greene Streets, and performed many other functions not recorded here.

In 1783, immediately after the close of the war, the first demand of the citizens was for the establishment of an Academy. The new State had no money and no means of raising it, but it took advantage of the fact that the land in and around Augusta was held under royal grants, containing a provision that the purchaser should improve the property within a given time, or else that the lot should revert back to the King. Many of these lots had been bought up by those who did not improve them, and hence were liable to forfeiture. These, together with the Public Reserve, originally laid out as a common around the Fort, were vested in Trustees to be sold, and the proceeds used for building a church, and for the building of an academy or seminary of learning.

It was, of course, necessary to sell lots and raise money before the school could be established. But the citizens were not willing to wait on that slow progress for raising an endowment sufficient enough to maintain the academy. They did not want their children to be deprived of that which was instantly needed. But the Board looked at it from a financial standpoint, and took no steps either towards hiring a teacher or erecting a building. The public was not satisfied with the progress made and the Grand Jury, on March 27, 1784, presented as a grievance "the want of a seminary of learning." This stimulated the Board, and they let a contract for the erection of a schoolhouse. This contractor died before any work was done, and the Grand Jury again in October, 1784, presented as a grievance "the languishing situation of the intended academy or seminary of learning." The Board then rescinded the contract with the executor of the deceased contractor, but appeared to have been unable to forward the building. The Grand Jury, again responding to the public impatience, on March 24, 1785, presented as a grievance "the Commissioners for the public buildings of this town for not making proper exertions in getting the church and academy erected, notwithstanding the funds appropriated for the purpose and which are deemed more than adequate to carry the same into execution." This presentment stirred them into motion, and on the next day, March 25, 1785, "the Board having consulted upon the employment of a Master for the



THE ARC



Academy, and Mr. Wm. Rogers, late of the state of Maryland, having been well recommended, as being of good fame and sufficiently learned in the sciences, appointed him Master at a salary of £200 and the use of the buildings and garden, for which the said Master should give his whole time, shall teach the Latin, Greek and English languages, and the common practical branches of mathematics, according to the rules established and practiced in the seminaries of learning and reading in the United States. Children learning letters and reading, will be charged \$4.00; those learning the principles of the English grammar and ciphering, \$5.00; and those learning the Latin and Greek languages, or any branch of the mathematics, \$10.00 per quarter." The school established was for boys and girls and remained so for a long period, its exact termination not being known.

On the same day they resolved that a merchant be employed to import books, the list of which shows a high standard for the new school. Also French and English tutors were employed at a salary of \$300 each.

The school was first held in some building that had formerly been used in pre-revolutionary days, and was opened in April, 1785, the first commencement being on October 24, 1786. We cannot determine exactly where the first schoolhouse was located, but the minutes of May, 1784, show that the Board let the contract for a building which was to be erected on the square bounded by Washington, Reynolds, McIntosh and Bay, the academy to be exactly in the center; a large gate, avenue and court to be exactly in the front, and a garden from the back to the rear. This site was abandoned, and the first schoolhouse was erected on Bay between Elbert and Lincoln. In it court was held, and also church services, until 1789, when St. Paul's was built. This building was spoken of as tenement No. 9. There was evidently another large building on the adjoining lot, for, at the same time, it was resolved that the lot No. 8 'should be reserved until the further order of the Board for the sessions of the General Assembly, and for the holding of the Superior and Inferior Courts of the county, together with the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, and that for that purpose the keys were to be given to his Excellency upon his application, who is required after the rising of the Legislature to deliver the same to the sheriff for the uses last named."

The Public Examinations were held in the spring and fall, and it is most interesting to note to what great importance they were considered by the entire community. They were attended by the Board officially and by the public generally; sometimes by the Governor and the Executive Council, later by the City Council in a body. The first of which we have any record is that of March 30, 1786, and another in July, 1789.

The above article was written by Felton Davis of the Class of 1916, and was published in last year's "ARC." We are publishing it again this year because of its unusual merit.

THE ARC

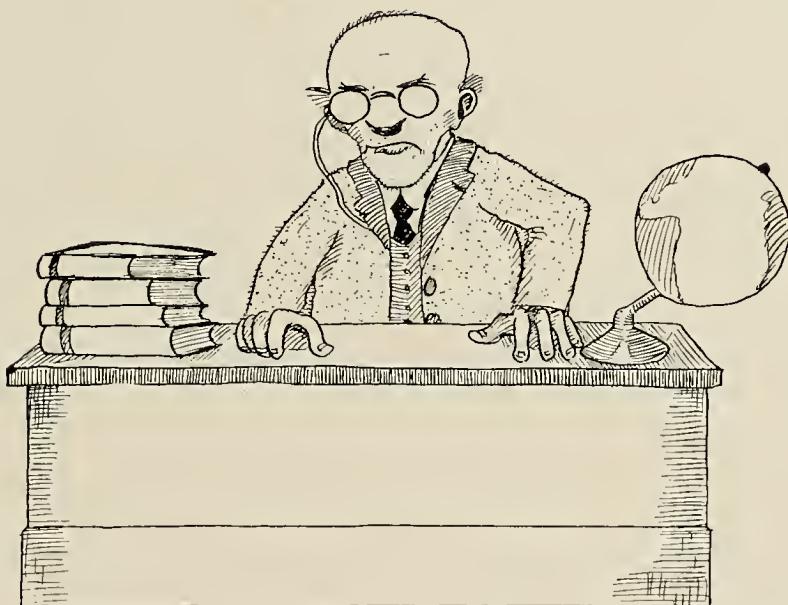


MAJOR GEO. P. BUTLER, Principal

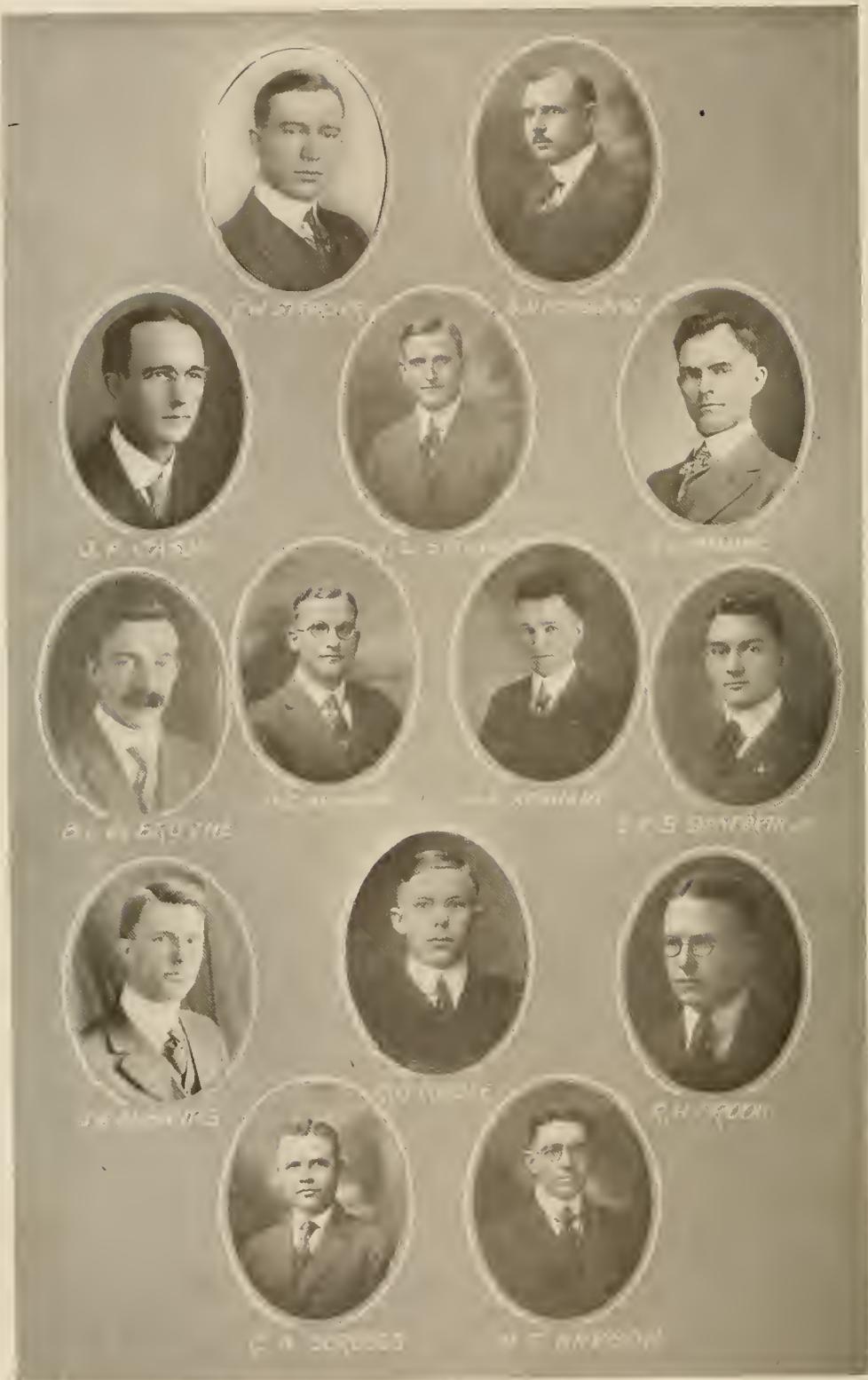
After having acquired honor in academic and athletic work at the University of Georgia and at the University of North Carolina, Major Geo. P. Butler turned his activities to the Academy of Richmond County.

During his long service as teacher and as principal, his one purpose has been to make it possible for young men at A. R. C. to get the best High School training. Success has crowned his efforts and today the Academy of Richmond County ranks with the foremost boys' high schools in the South.

FACULTY.



- B. MERRY
'21



C. H. COOPER

H. C. HORN



THE ARC



FACULTY

O. CONWAY SKINNER, Assistant PrincipalShop Work
Alabama Polytechnic Institute, B.E., 1908; M.E., 1909.

W. R. KENNEDYCommercial Subjects
Georgia Normal College and Business Institute.

J. L. SKINNERPhysics, Mathematics
Alabama Polytechnic Institute, B.S., 1908; E.E., 1909.

E. C. B. DANFORTH, JR. CommandantDrawing, Mathematics
Harvard College, B. S., 1915.

CHARLES G. CORDLEFrench
Trinity College, A.M., 1914.

J. F. CASONEnglish
Mercer University, A.B., 1902.

E. W. STROZIEREnglish
Emory College, A.B., 1914; Columbia University, A.M., 1917.

B. L. de BRUYNEMathematics
High Commercial School, Ognabruick, Germany.

S. D. COPELANDHistory, Economics
Mercer University, A.B., 1911.

M. T. BRYSONAgriculture, English
Emory College, special course in English.

C. A. SCRUGGSScience
Mercer University, A.B., 1911.

R. H. CROOKHistory, Mathematics
University of Mississippi, B.S., 1916 · L.L.B., 1917.

J. E. EUBANKSLatin, Science
Wofford College, A.B. and A.M., 1916.

R. D. MALONEHistory, English
University of Chicago, Ph.B., 1918; Carson Newman College, A.B., 1919.

TUBMAN



This page is dedicated by the Senior Class of Richmond Academy to the faculty and student body of Tubman High School, in appreciation of their interest and support in the activities of our school.

SEÑOR

A.R.C.

PAUL ROBERTS '21.

A THING OR TWO ABOUT THE SENIOR CLASS

By ALBERT THOMPSON

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Favorite Sport</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Opinion of Female Sex</i>	<i>Highest Ambition</i>
Clifford Attridge	"Dago"	"Oh, cut it out."	Smoking	All ears.	Not much.	To learn French.
Hubert Blanchard	"Skeet"	"Good night."	Boxing	Handsome.	Fair.	To get fat.
Clarence Burton	"Oogy"	"Shoot, no."	Forcing Math.	Long.	Has none.	To teach Sc. 52.
William Burdshaw	"Osmosis"	"I'm in the dark."	Working in lab.	Awful thin.	—?—	To quit blushing.
Harman Clark	"Harmonious"	"You tell 'em."	Blowing a horn.	All knees.	Nice.	To lead a band.
William Davis	"Bill"	"Not me."	Throwing shot.	Very tall.	Wonderful.	To keep quiet.
William Dimmock	"Dilly"	"You aint so many."	Working.	Terrible—?	Doesn't know any.	To keep up.
William Fell	"Hard Boy"	"What the ——"	Talking.	Ingrown face.	Gorgeous.	To dance.
Goodrich Henry	"Killdee"	"O, shoot."	Being cute.	Indescribable.	Not for me.	To be President.
Homer Howell	"Big"	"I should worry."	Cussing.	Movie type.	Beyond description.	To marry "Preach."
Raymond Lachman	"Lack"	"Oh go to ——"	Making a fuss.	Boisterous.	Just grand.	To pass M 32.
Lionel Levy	"Leafy"	"Oh gee."	Punk drawing.	A Venus.	Elegant.	To own a Ford.
Marion Norvell	"Country"	"I'm a hoss & wagon."	Sleeping.	Perfect 21.	Just one.	To be pretty.
Thomas Phinney	"Phunny"	"Gosh darn."	Trying to dance.	Shy.	Exquisite.	To learn to jazz.
Frank Riddlehoover	"Shank"	"Wussat."	Loafing.	Lean and hungry.	Undecided.	To drive a Ford.
Allen Symms	"Simp"	"I'm a monkey's unk."	Keeping quiet.	A modern—?	One's enough.	None high enough.
Doughty Sylvester	"Tough"	"Mr. Scruggs it's 2:30."	Essexing.	Rather odd.	Wonderful.	To kiss her.
Albert Thompson	"Tomp"	"Aw, shon-nuff?"	Makking a noise.	Awful	Simply grand.	To get a dip.
Norman Toby	"Trottie"	"Times up."	Telling bum jokes.	A heanty.	All look good.	To be a lawyer.
Marion Verder	"Preach"	"Well, I'll swear."	Flivvering.	Serions,	Superfine.	To be foreman.

THE ARC



Class President

CHARLES GOODRICH HENRY

2nd Lieutenant Scientific

"Do not take life too seriously, you will not get out of it alive."

Our President; a mighty power is he. He holds the class where he wants them. Never will this silver-tongued genius be replaced by another. And never, it is hoped, will we lose sight of our learned and stalwart leader. When Goodrich first came to the Academy he knew none of our school slang. But now he has developed quite a string of profanity, so that at present without even blushing, he utters such phrases as "Gee" and "Doggone." He is quite an English scholar and some day we hope to see him advertised as our greatest orator or author.

Noted: Honors, 1*, 2, 3, 4; Sgt. 4; Lieut. 5; President of Class, Editor-in-Chief of "The ARC", 5.



Class Vice-President

HOMER AUGUSTUS HOWELL

HOMER AUGUSTUS HOWELL

"Ye Gods! but he is wondrous fair."

Behold the picture of the most handsome member of our class, the right honorable Homer Augustus. In military circles he is a Captain and gives his commands like a regular army officer, being known as "High-pockets II." He is the leading light in the society of our city, and all the girls are crazy about him. (By the way, Homer had a great deal of trouble deciding which one should be Co. "C's" sponsor.) He has thoroughly mastered all of the latest dances with their variations, and deftly shakes a dainty ankle whenever he hears strains of Jazz. Of course Augustus' great genius has been recognized by his fellow-classmates who elected him Vice-President of the class and Assistant Editor-in-Chief and Military Editor of "The ARC."

Noted: Honors 1, 2; Corp. 3; 1st Sgt. 4; Capt. 5; Co. Football 4, 5; Vice-President of Class, Asst. Editor-in-Chief, and Military Editor of "The ARC" 5.



*The numbers denote the classes: 1, Freshman; 2, Sophomore; 3, Intermediate; 4, Junior; 5, Senior.



THE ARC



Class Secretary

RICHARD ALLEN SYMMS

Captain

Commercial

"Hark ye unto the voice of wisdom and understanding."

Gentlemen, your particular attention is called to our most honorable Secretary, Mr. R. A. Symms. Quick! or this, our very efficient Business Manager will be gone, for his time is valuable, and he has a vast amount of work to do. He is by far the hardest-working member of our class (or SAYS he is), and it goes without saying that we are justly proud of him. The weight of the world rests upon his shoulders, and in future years, the entire business world will look to him for guidance, and will be governed, efficiently and masterfully, by his firm hand, unswerving purpose, and superhuman intellect.

Noted: Honors 1, 4; Corp. 2; Sgt. 3; Lieut. 4; Capt. 5; Secretary of Class and Business Manager of "The ARC" 5.



Class Treasurer

WILLIAM EDWARD DIMMOCK

Corporal

Technical

"It is not what you do, but what you are caught doing."

Here is the class' best all-round man. He always makes good marks in his studies, especially "Analyt" and Chemistry, both of which are very easy, however. Mr. Dilly played half-back on the Varsity Football team, and we hope he will develop into a good baseball player also. Willie is not to be left behind in the Military Department either, for in it he holds the high rank of Corporal. He is the Class Treasurer and, before we had any money in the treasury, he made quite an honest class officer.

Noted: Entered 4; Honor, Co. Football 4; Varsity Football, Corp., Class Treasurer, Baseball, 5.





THE ARC



OLIVER CLIFFORD ATTRIDGE

Supply Sergeant

Technical

"Let's to billiards."

Dago joined the class during our sophomore year, and has done some very good work, for in spite of his ape-like appearance he is very studious. Monsieur Italian bravely attempted to master the French language, but anecdotes and idioms knocked him out. He is our Class Historian, and since he is next to the biggest joke in the class, he was elected Assistant Joke Editor of this Annual. In the Military Department Attridge is Stable Sergeant, and he has done much to improve the interior of our spacious armory by piling up rolls of wire and iron pipes in the center.

Noted: Entered 2; Honor 2; Company football 4, 5; Supply Sergeant, Class Historian, Assistant Joke Editor of "The ARC," Baseball, 5.



HUBERT HIRAM BLANCHARD

Non-Drill

Scientific

"A great sweet silence."

Blanchard is very quiet and says so little that in the two years he has been with us we have found out almost nothing about him. He is very pale, a fact which, in the main, is due to his life at the Dormitory. Another reason for this is that he sits up so late at night studying Physiology and Agriculture. In this latter study Hiram is quite a "Hawk," and we all hope that he will become a very successful scientific farmer, using to practical advantage the vast store of facts he has been taught by Professors Scruggs and Bryson.

Noted: Entered 4.

THE A.R.C.



WILLIAM BURDASHAW

Here is our old friend Blushing Bill Buddyshaw. Shuddy Bill worked hard his first four years, but in his Senior year he committed the serious mistake of falling in love, (for full information see Miss Harmonious). Bill stands at the head of the Physiology class and has made a thorough and complete study of the principle of Osmosis. He is now trying to determine by scientific methods whether a beaver's dam extends below the surface of the water. Buddy is Captain of the Band and in the face of many difficulties has worked hard to make that organization a success.

Noted: Corp. 2; Sgt. 3; Lieut. 4; Capt. 5; Co. Football 4, 5.



CLARENCE CORKE BURTON

CLARENCE CORKER BURTON Technical
1st Sergeant "Is this the face that stopped a thousand Clocks?"

Oogy is the mathematical genius of our class, and is also a Chemistry "Hawk." He is always in the Chemistry Laboratory whenever it is open and keeps Prof. Cassius Scruggs in constant fear of waking up and finding himself an angel (!?) all on account of Burton's work. Oogy is a charter member of the "Stink Bomb" Fraternity. According to Mr. J. L. Skinner, because of his ability to manufacture horrible odors, he gets straight "A's" in Chemistry. In the battalion Burton is a hard-boiled top sergeant and is very strict; in fact in a single day he once reported TWO cadets for unshined shoes.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; 1st Sgt. 5; Honor 1; Co. Football 2, 5.



THE ARC



HARMAX REED CLARK

2nd Lieutenant Commercial
"Thy beauty—not a fault is there."

Harmonious is one of the most important members of the Band in which he holds the rank of "Shavetail." He plays the cornet so well that he has gained admission to the Academy Orchestra, and he hopes to join the union soon. Harman is of a very esthetic nature and likes to be in a musical atmosphere. This is one of the reasons he hangs around a certain music store, but it is not the only one. Harman has asked me to announce to all the ladies that because of his constant practice he has a very good lip.

Noted: Honor 2; Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Lieut. 5; Class Events Editor of "The ARC" 5.



WILLIAM HENRY DAVIS

We now introduce our notorious Classmate, Bill Davis. He is one of the most hard-working members of our class, and studies on an average of 2.667 minutes per night. Bill is an old time, hard boiled non-com and we are sure Maj. Danforth made a great mistake in not appointing him top sergeant. He takes everything very seriously and attends "Time-class," regularly. At present Davis is organizing an "Anti-Cigarette League," of which he is president.

Noted: Honor 1; Corp. 4; Sgt. 5.





THE ARC



WILLIAM WALTON FELL

2nd Lieutenant

Commercial

"Take life easy and don't worry."

We have with us here the "hard-boiled boy from Harrisburg." In his lessons Bill is nothing wonderful, but when it comes to athletics he is right there. Halfback on the Varsity Eleven, catcher on the baseball team, he is the all-round athlete of our class. On the drill field Bill is a "Shavetail" and has attempted to substitute his method of drawing saber for the one found in the drill regulations. Fell is not at all bashful around the ladies and is on hand at all the dances at the Masonic Hall.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Lieut. 5; Football 4; Varsity Football 5; Baseball 3, 4, 5.



RAYMOND ALLEN LACKMAN

1st Lieutenant

Commercial

"Think twice before you work."

Here is our old friend Ray, better known as Lacktlius. He is a great hunter, fisherman, and trapper; and he goes down the river camping at every opportunity. At other times he amuses himself shooting at killdees, and he says he has hit one, although we all doubt it. When it comes to athletics, Lack is interested in all Football and Baseball games, played in Waynesboro. (Question 1: Why? Question 2: Who owns the yellow sweater?) Ray is a 1st Lieutenant in the military department and has become famous as a disciplinarian.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Lieut. 5; Co. Football 3 and 4; Varsity Football 5.



THE ARC



Non-drill LIONEL KOPPEL LEVY Technical
"We shall not see his like again."

Lionel is noted far and wide for his ability as a cartoonist. His wonderful and marvelous sense of humor is a valuable asset to his drawing, examples of which abound in this Annual. Leafy talks all day without saying anything, yet he has accumulated more units than any other member of the class.

Noted: Honors 1, 2, 3, 4; Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Retired 5; Art Editor of "The ARC" 4, 5; Winner individual prize drill 3.



Non-drill MARION WALTON NORVELL General
"He shows occasionally surface indications of intellect."

A happy nut who takes nothing seriously. The A.R.C. has taught Norvell many things since he came down from Grovetown. Foremost of these are: Wearing loud ties, parting his hair in the middle, and what a shower bath is. All the 4th Class men are sorry the "Queen of Grovetown" is leaving this year, but we can't say that he is. Tourist is quite a lady's man, having made himself very well known on lower Telfair St.

Noted: Private 2, 3, 4; Retired 5; Last Will and Testament 5.



: THE ARC :



Phinny is one of our military oracles. He holds the position named above in the military department on account of his extensive knowledge of military tactics. Tom is also up to date at love making, but it is generally known that he is down-hearted, due to a recent love affair which terminated unfavorably. Phinny does well in his studies and so well all know he will be on hand at commencement.

Noted: Honors 1, 2, 3, 4; Corp., Sgt. 3; 1st Sgt. 4;
Capt., Co. Football, Treasurer of "The ARC" 5.

Shank is the bony wonder of the class. We wonder sometimes if he ever eats, for we would certainly notice it if he did. Occasionally when he is marching with colors we look hard for Shanks, but that is all right—he is just behind the flag staff. He has been here for all five acts and can therefore tell you all the ways of getting out of work. He is noted around school especially for his Bolshevik principles, which manifest themselves greatly in the Chemistry Class.

Noted: Private 1, 2, 3, 4; Color Sgt. 5; Honors 1, 2.



THE ARC

CHARLES DOUGHTY SYLVESTER
 Captain Technical
"You can't see him for the squirrels."

Now folks please don't say, "Why don't you get something new?" We know you saw this striking beauty last year. But Tough just could not bear to leave the "Old Historic Institution," so here he is again. We know that everyone will agree that such a picture is a great addition to the Annual. As you see above "Syl" is a Captain. First, he commanded the "Green Company," until several knives were drawn on him, and he was forced to resign. Later he was appointed to command Company "B." Tough has many outside activities, but anyway we all hope he really gets his diploma this year.

Noted: Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Lieut. 5; Capt. 6; Track Cup 4; Co. Football 4, 5, 6.



GEORGE ALBERT THOMPSON
 Corporal Technical
"It is easier to slide than to climb."

Old "Thomp" appeared in our third year, and since that time has made himself a universal favorite. He is not a bit lazy, but he has perfect faith in the sleep and rest cure for all ailments. He hails from the bleak plains of New York State, and for that reason can laugh at our little frosts; but just the same he sits close to the stove in Maj. Danforth's room. Thompson is a staunch Bolshevik, having been initiated into that society by the famous Red and Radical Socialist, Franklin Riddlehoover.

Noted: Entered 3; Corp. 4, 5; Varsity Football 3, 5; Co. Football 4; Athletic Editor of "The ARC" 5.



THE ARC



NORMAN MILLETT TOBEY

Non-drill **FORWARD STRETCH TOE-TO-HEEL** **Scientific**
"Wise from the top of his head up."

Norman, affectionately known as Troddy, has been with us only two years, but in that time we have come to know him well. He poses as a "shark" in English and Science, but this camouflage does not get by with anybody but Prof. Cassius. Tobey's intellectual appearance is only superficial, but is greatly accentuated by the little red satchel which he keeps close by his side. Though originally from Boston, Norman now lives in Langley, S. C. In coming to school his avaricious nature often overcomes his dignity, and he hobos his way to town on a freight.

Noted: Entered 4; Orator 5; Literary Editor of
"The ARC" 5.



MARION CRAWFORD VERDERY

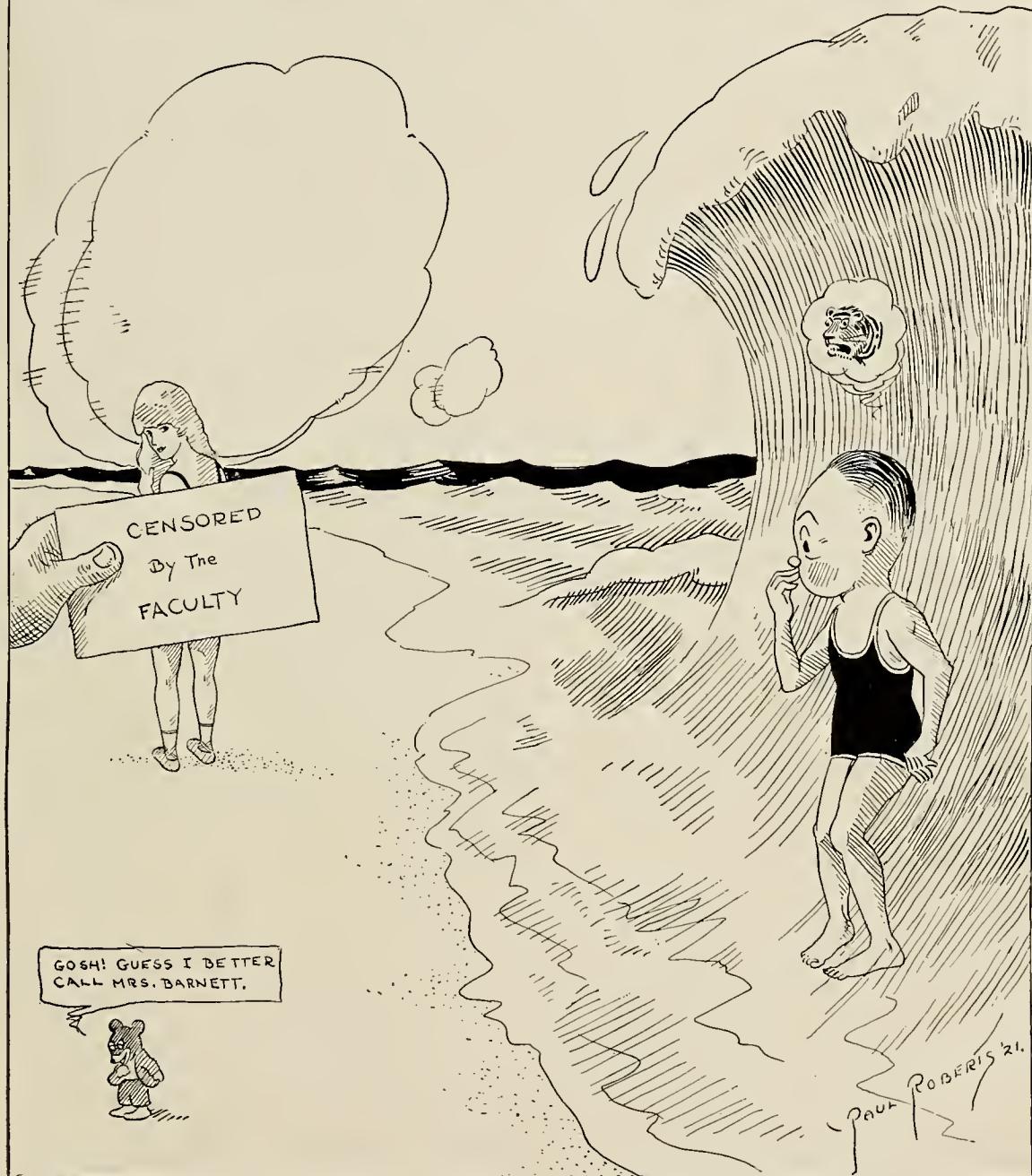
"A lion among ladies is a most dangerous thing."

All hail the high and mighty "Preach." Let the little Freshman beware who dares pass and not salute. "Preach" is a howling success at hull-shooting, on account of which he has been awarded the position of teacher to the entire senior class. He has lately bought a derby, and, when he wears this, one finds it hard to tell whether the individual is really Marion or K. Andrews. Preacher is especially noted for his ability to make high explosives, and it won't be much longer before Mr. Scruggs is a nervous wreck. All the same Preach is a good old sport and we all wish him well.

Noted: Honor t; Corp. 3; Sgt. 4; Lieut. 5; Track 4;
Co. Football 4; Varsity Football 5; Joke Editor of "The
ARC" 5.



JUNIOR







THE ARC



Junior Class

OFFICERS

NORTH, HENRY	<i>President</i>
MERRY, BRIAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
SHERMAN, JAMES	<i>Secretary</i>
CLECKLEY, HERVEY	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Adams, Marion	Lokey, Louie	Parks, Robert
Baker, Eugene	Magruder, Milton	Philpot, William
Belding, Morris	Mallard, Matthew	Reese, Louis
Brenner, Otis	Markert, Hermon	Roberts, Paul
Chance, Francis	Marks, Henry	Robertson, Paul
Cole, Richard	Medlock, Ralph	Rosborough, Edward
Dunbar, Barney	Miller, Hinton	Rutledge, Edward
Fargo, Charles	Morris, William	Toole, William
Fourcher, Kenneth	McCrary, William	Trowbridge, Kennard
Fulghum, William	McGahee, Ollie	Walton, Robert
Heath, Elliott	Nachman, Morton	Watkins, Richard
Holland, Preston	Oetjen, Leroy	Williams, Roy
Laird, Harold	Owens, Auburn	Wly, Harry
Lehman, Albert	Owens, Meade	



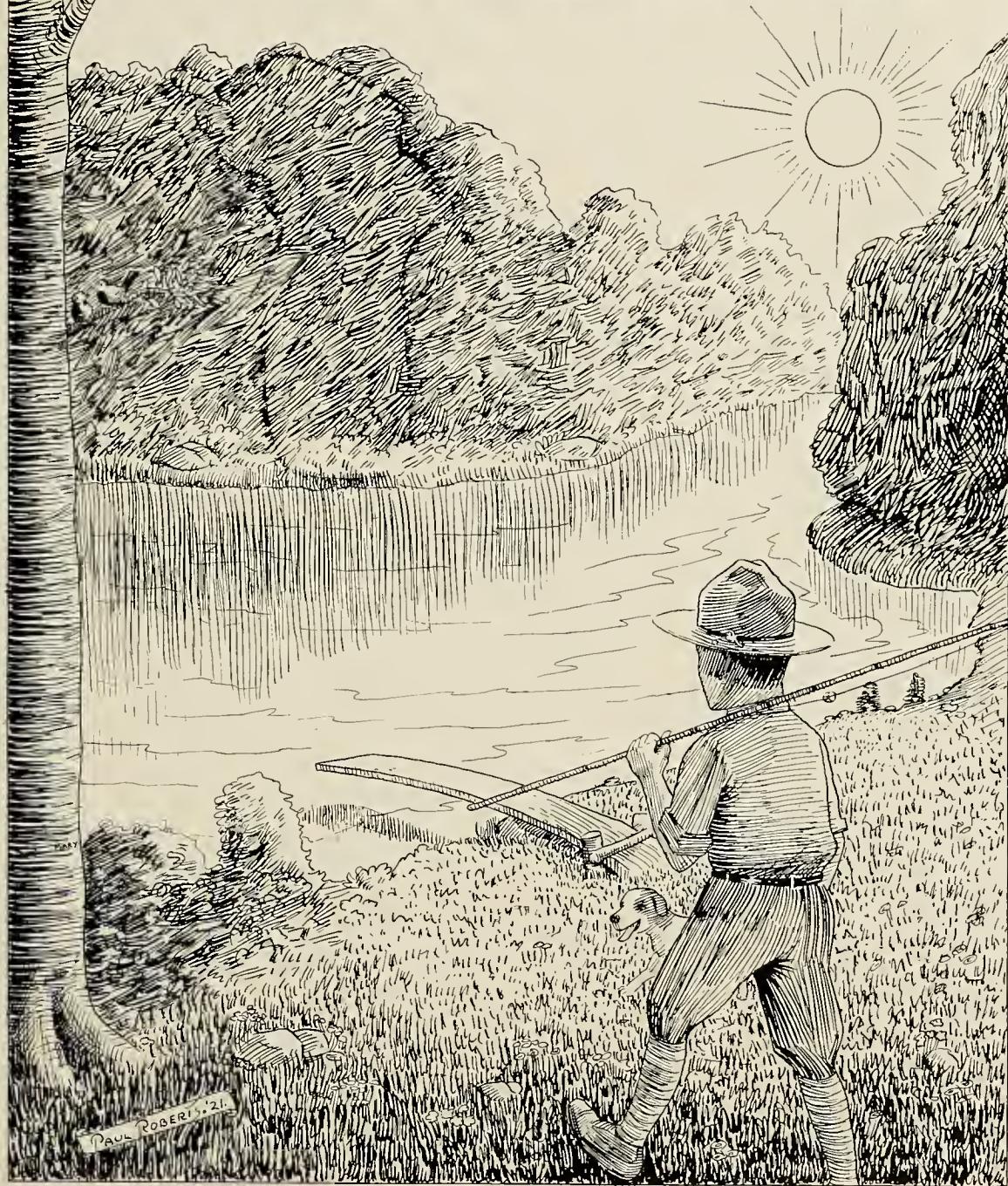
Success

Up life's lone weary way I toiled,
Though oft' my dearest plans were foiled;
Though oft' my fondest hopes were crushed;
And oft' within, my spirit hushed.

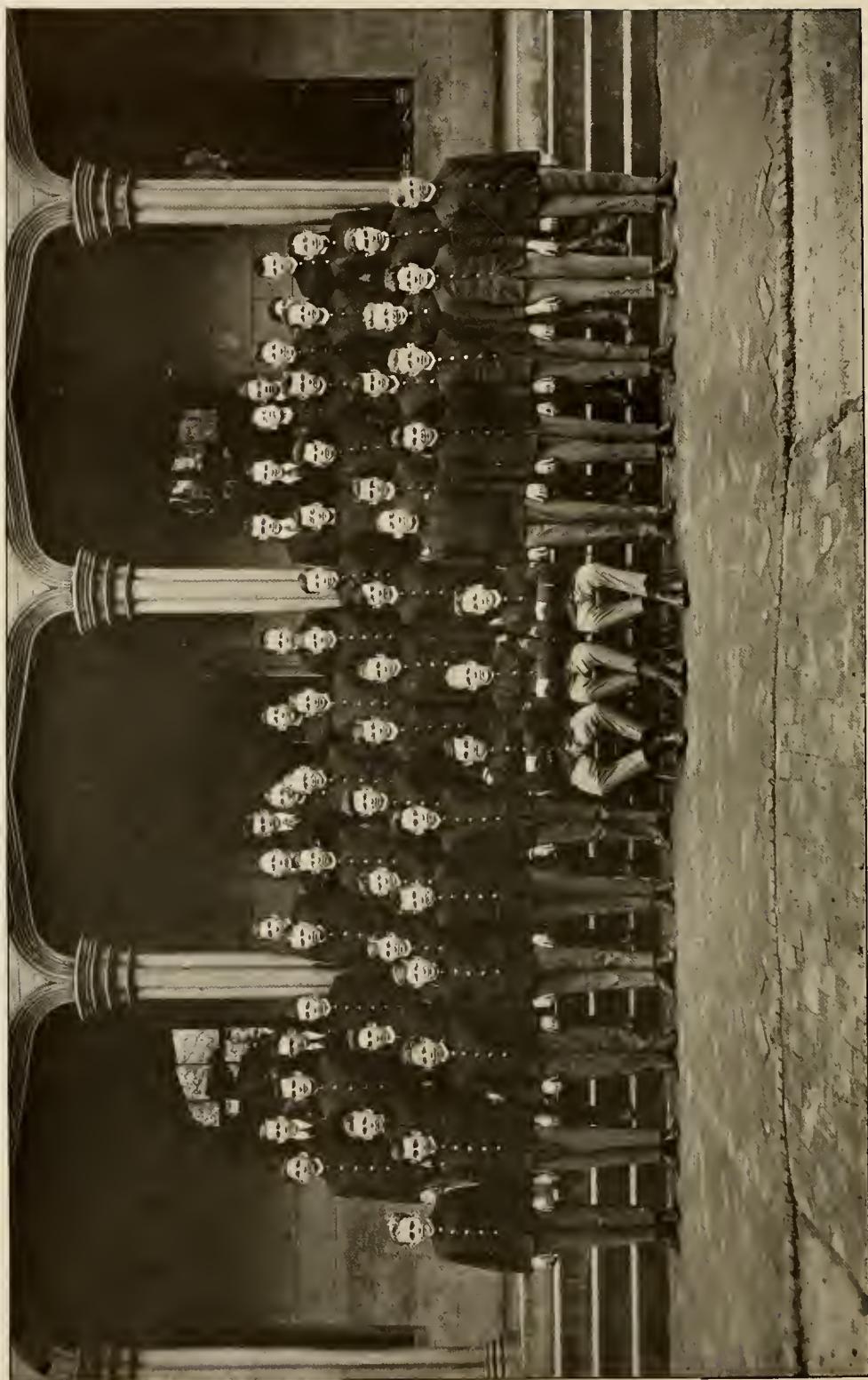
'Til in the distance there appeared
An ancient temple grandly reared,
Around which were no gardens seen,
Of odorous shrubs and spreading green.

But from its walls a softened strain
Of music came; and then again,
The chant of worshippers, to bless
The gathering throng crowned with *success*.

INTERMEDIATE



PAUL ROBERT '21



: THE ARC :

Intermediate Class

OFFICERS

MERRY, GUY	<i>President</i>
LAW, WILLIAM	<i>Vice-President</i>
GILLMAN, CHARLES	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

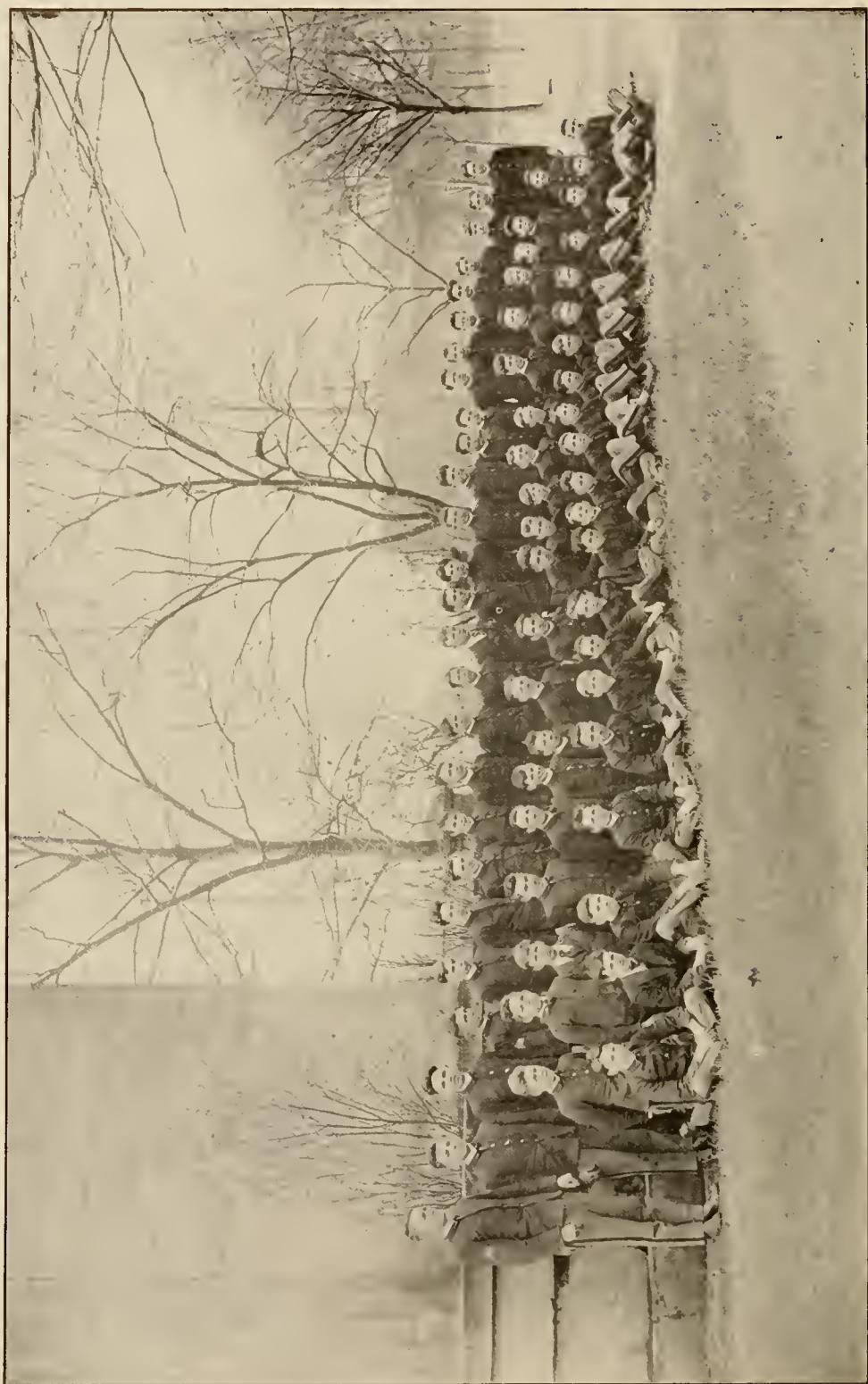
MEMBERS

Baird, Warren	Foreman, Aldrich	Mitchell, Ralph
Beckum, Thomas	Gardiner, Sears	Morris, Adrian
Bland, Walter	Gibson, Foster	Morris, Harry
Bolton, Paul	Gunter, Wm. H.	Morris, Lainar
Brittingham, George	Halford, Eugene	McNeill, James
Brown, Victor	Harper, Harry	Newman, Harry
Burke, Grady	Harrison, Dunbar	Norvell, Wm. C.
Caldwell, John	Hensley, Ernest	Papageorg., George
Carr, Graham	Hubert, Olin	Radford, Stanley
Carswell, Porter	Jackson, Norman	Summerson, George
Carswell, Wilburn	Jennings, Thomas	Tanenbaum, Pinkey
Cashin, Harry	Jones, Bailey	Thompson, Wesley
Clarke, Miller	Killingsworth, Ralph	Tufts, Frank
Conley, Hugh	Legwen, Glenn	Verdery, Charles
Dasher, Nesbit	Lucas, Earl	Walton, William
Dawson, Thomas	Lynch, Walter	Weigle, Gardner
Dicks, Edward	Marks, Pierce	Whitney, Moragne
Doar, Frank	Marschalk, Frederick	Wright, Harold
Dorset, Frederick	Mason, Hoyt	Young, Cogdell
Emigh, Harry	Masur, Louis	Youngblood, Ralph
Florence, Spurgeon	Miller, Joe	



SOPHOMORE







THE ARC



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

KILPATRICK, CHARLES	<i>President</i>
GRAY, THOMAS	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAGLER, EDWARD	<i>Secretary</i>
BOATWRIGHT, GRAY	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Aitchison, Charles	Farrar, Millard	Leonard, Lionel
Anderson, Robert	Fazio, Patsy	Lucky, Curtis
Andrews, Wilbur	Fennell, Sam W.	Mertins, Fred
Barnes, Tracy	Ferguson, Harvey	Miller, Dessie
Beall, Louis	Fluker, Robert	Murrah, Edward
Benson, Berry	Flythe, Starkey	McNab, David
Boyd, Lamar	Fourcher, Harry	Nixon, Gwinn
Browne, Herbert	Frank, Alex	Noe, Thomas
Bush, Fred	Gepfert, Randolph	Park, William C.
Calley, Anthony	Gepfert, Roy	Perkins, Henry
Calley, Peter	Gibson, William	Prather, Willie
Chew, Benjamin	Goodwin, Thomas	Samuel, Jarrette
Churchill, Charles	Hardman, Rushton	Sherlock, Cecil
Cohen, Adrian	Harmon, Marion	Simkins, Leroy
Cohen, Leopold	Heath, Palmer	Smith, Ben
Craig, Henry	Hendee, Malcolm	Southall, Thomas J.
Cunning, Henry	Hiers, Gilmore	Speering, Harry
D'Antignac, William	Hogrefe, Carl	Stelling, Richard
Deas, William	Inman, Henry	Story, Lewis
Dunbar, Francis	Johnson, Saynor	Sweet, Ernest
Eakes, Tillman	Jones, Isadore	Thomas, Floyd
Eames, Edgar	Jordan, Howard	Thomas, Leo
Emigh, James	Kershaw, John	Van Pelt, John
Ergle, Ramsey	Kershaw, Theodore	Weathers, Charles
Eubanks, Haskell	Kilpatrick, Andrew	White, Hampton
Evans, Joe	Kinard, Verdery	White, Perry
Everett, Lonnie	King, Pierce	White, Pierce
Fair, Warren	Leitner, George	



Dauntlessness

Why dread the gloomy part of life?
Or falter at the call to strife?
'Tis nature's plan it thus should be,
From struggle's toils no soul is free.

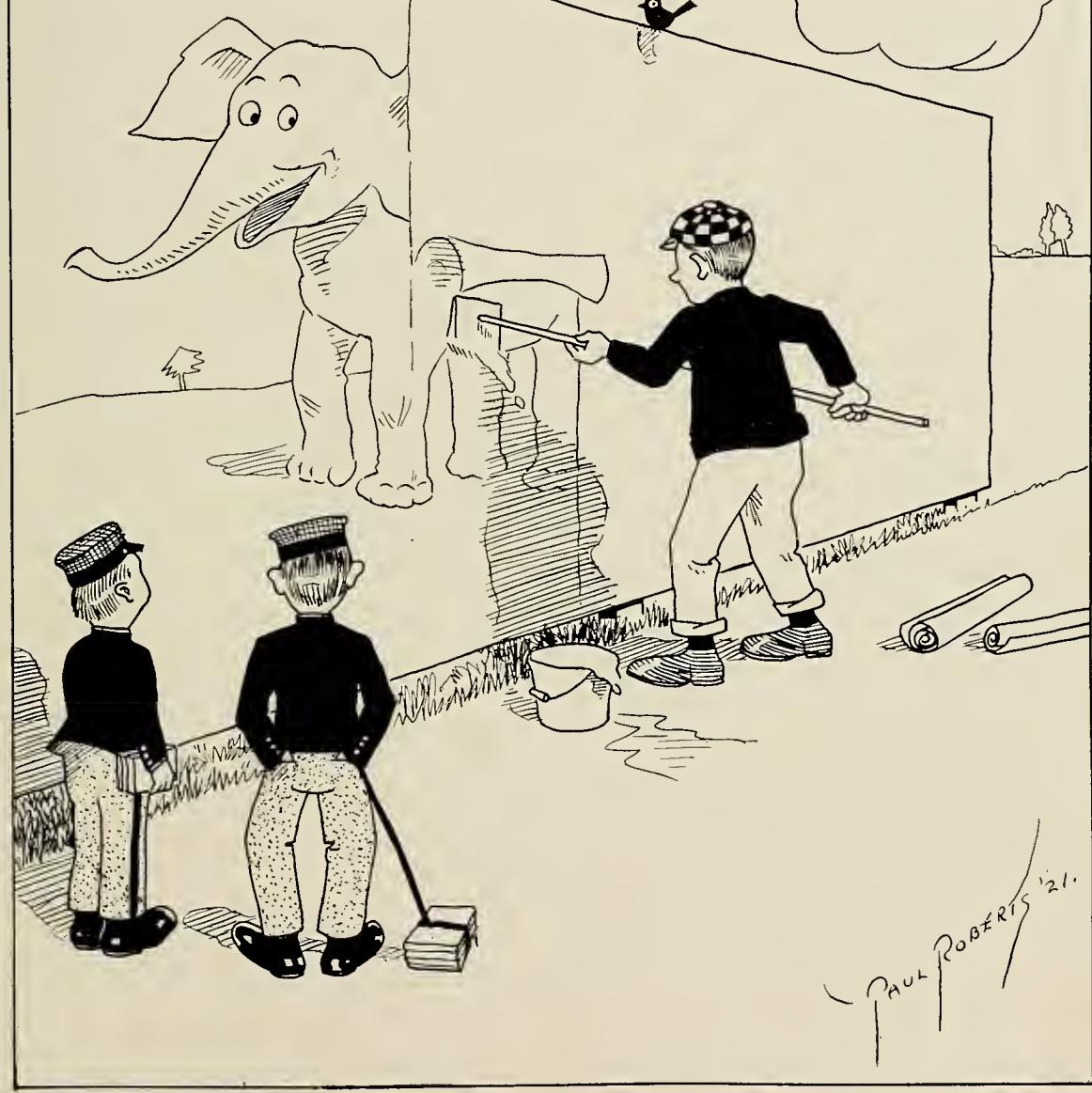
For harvests full of golden grain,
God sends the sunshine and the rain;
To give the forest strength and form,
He sends the stillness and the storm.

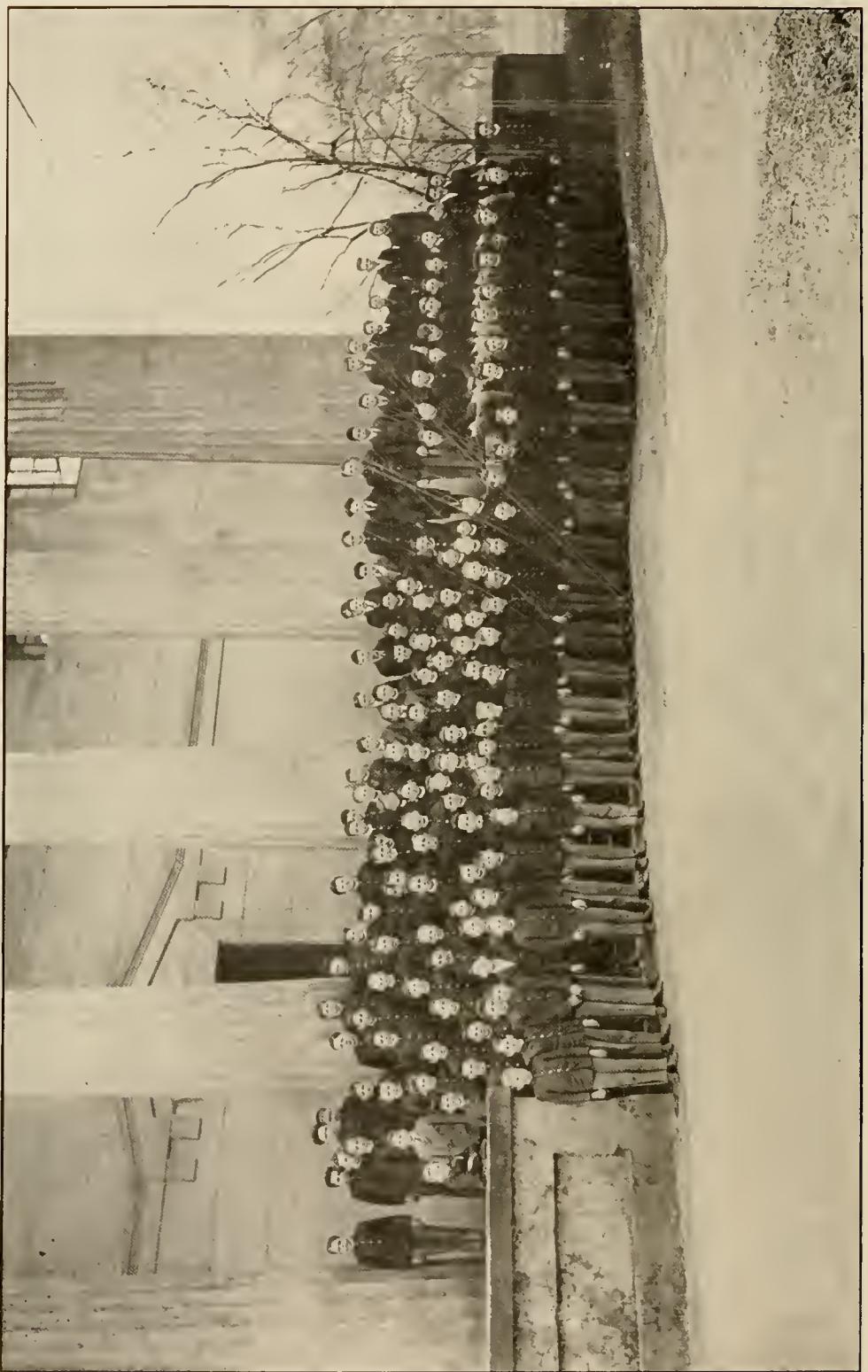
Who dreads the gloomy part of life
And fears the days that call for strife,
Remember Nature's law has made
Our ways of shadow and of shade;
And has decreed that we should know
A bit of struggle as we go.

All sorrow 's naught but joy's disguise;
From dark despair will hope arise;
As out of murky miry beds
The fairest lilies lift their heads.

FRESHMAN

COMING





Freshman Class

o f f i c e r s

merry, ernest	<i>president</i>
walker, john w.	<i>vice-president</i>
kuhlke, edmond	<i>secretary</i>
savitz, edward	<i>treasurer</i>

m e m b e r s

adams, oscar	finney, thomas	mcgee, glenn
aldrich, estes	flint, judson	norris, gordon
anderson, spike	foreman, edgar	palmer, basil
andrews, frank	freeland, bligh	paul, george
armstrong, robert	furman, wyman	platt, edward
babbitt, earl	garwood, john	pollock, mcelwee
bain, albert	gillman, theodore	powell, francis
barkin, herbert	gleason, ambrose	powell, william
bates, joseph	gleason, caldwell	preacher, lloyd
baxley, marion	gleason, julius	rainwater, julian
bazemore, malcolm	goodrich, charles	reid, estes
beall, jackson	green, cecil	rhodes, cecil
beasley, allen	greeson, lester	richards, william
beasley, joseph	griffin, frank	riley, richard
binns, lloyd	griswold, clyde	robinson, harry
bishop, clair	hair, harold	ruben, solomon
bleakley, arthur	hamilton, jasper	russo, james
boland, edward	hammond, francis	sack, adolph
booker, ralph	hammond, henry	schimoff, eli
bostick, bob	hankinson, wilfred	schneider, henry
brawner, james	hardin, spurgeon	schultz, maclean
brigham, chas.	hardwick, warner	scott, harold
brigham, eugene	harris, thomas	scott, james
buckley, robt.	haskell, alexander	sehler, eugene
burton, julian	hatch, ernest	shealey, lanrie
burton, franklin	hightower, frederick	shedd, william
hyrd, will	hill, marston	sizemore, otis
cabanis, william	hinson, durham	skinner, charles
cadle, fred	hinton, roy	smith, alexander
cadle, glenn	hogan, james	smith, frank
camp, chas.	holman, herbert	smith, vernon
cannon, leland	hughes, fred	spires, solomon
carroll, quelle	humphrey, alfred	stebbins, greg
carswell, e. h.	humphrey, william	steed, glyn
cason, webster	james, otis	stelling, cree
chambers, richard	jones, marion	stelling, henry
chancey, gerald	kelly, jervey	story, earl
cheatham, jack	kuhlke, casper	snavely, beryl
chong, harry	lambert, louis	tant, irvin
cook, nelson	levy, samuel	templeton, ollie
cook, william	lucky, wylton	tessier, claude
corley, earl	mannen, dick	thomas, robert
cowart, samuel	marks, guy	todd, albert
crouch, lester	marschalk, edward	trowbridge, c.
cullum, henry	martin, herbert	wall, foster
cunningham, a.	masnr, jacob	watkins, raiford
daniels, rudolph	mathews, eugene	wilcox, battey
dansby, william	merry, bradford	wilk, carl
dillard, frederick	metts, james	williams, macpherson
doughty, william	moog, samuel	winchenback, everan
elliott, sidney	morgan, norton	woodward, haywood
ergle, albert	murphy, paul	wyman, lindsay
faust, edwin	mcelmurray, richard	young, bernard
fender, albert	mcelmurray, roy	



“Blushing Bill Buddyshaw”

(or how she shook him)

By BRIAN MERRY, '21

She nestled in his arms, and it seemed as if the whole world and Augusta paused in their dizzy, desparate, dashing course to keep silence before these two as they sat on Center Street bridge and dangled their feet over the side. A farm wagon sped softly, oh, so softly, silently, soundlessly by. The cool, clear and cleansing waters of the Savannah splashed gently against the abutments with a low, lazy, lapping sound, as though someone below were pouring liquid from a bottle.

“Buddy.”

“Dearest.”

Pulsing with passion, thrilling with throbs, vibrating with vim, they whispered each to each as though the mighty barrier that bords the domain of dreams had opened its golden portals to their ken.

“Buddy.”

“My own?”

“Do you love meuh?”

With a paroxysm of passion he strained her to him and imbedded his lips in hers. She lay blind, deaf, motionless, inanimate beneath the whirl-wind of his caresses.

Stark terror seized him.

“Helen! Helen!”

The rosy lips parted and the fragrance as of the Physics Laboratory at 4:38 P. M. scented the night air.

“Helen, my own, do you doubt me?” Wearily she raised her head.

“I—I do not know. I eannot tell.”

“But, Love, did I not buy you a hot dog today? What greater test of love than that? But try me, ask of me anything and it shall be done.”

She turned her lustrous, lucid, limpid eyes upon him.

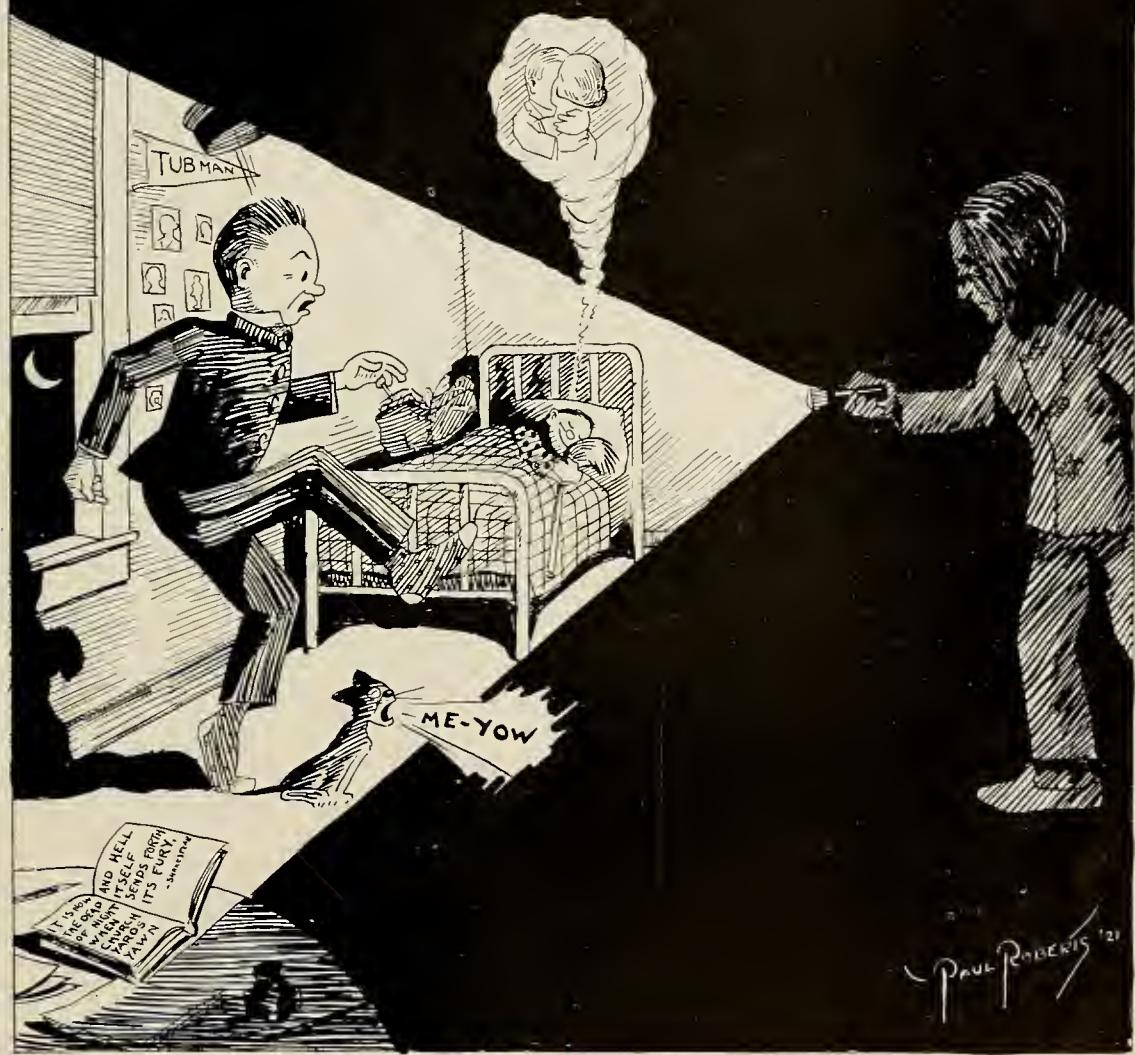
“Tell me,” she breathed, breathlessly, “why they put a number on each automobile?”

A solemn hush. The very wavelets eased their crooning and the stars stared with steadfast stillness. The universe stood on tiptoe to catch the whispered answered.

A look of surprise, a moment of thought, consternation and blank despair.

With a gurgling, grasping groan, he plunged headlong into the red, rushing water of the Savannah. A splash and all was still. She walked home alone.

DORMITORY





DORMITORY

OFFICERS

J. L. Skinner	E. W. Strozier	J. E. Eubanks	C. G. Cordle
	R. H. Crook	R. D. Malone	

STUDENTS

Aitchison, C.	Akron, Ohio
Blanchard, H.	Harlem, Ga.
Bland, W.	Statesboro, Ga.
Boland, G.	Butts, Ga.
Brown, V. M.	Griffin, Ga.
Cole, R.	Chicago, Ill.
Dawson, T.	Augusta, Ga.
Fluker, Robt.	Thompson, Ga.
Foreman, E.	Jackson, S. C.
Harper, H.	Martin, S. C.
Jones, B. B.	Harlem, Ga.
Jones, I. G.	Jeffersonville, Ga.
Merry, Bradford	Augusta, Ga.
Norvell, M.	Grovetown, Ga.
Norvell, W.	Grovetown, Ga.
Owens, R. M.	Augusta, Ga.
Rutledge, E.	Anchorage, Ky.
Spires, S.	Springfield, S. C.
Templeton, O.	Blythe, S. C.
Thompson, G. A.	White Plains, N. Y.
Tufts, F.	Mitchell, Ga.
Walton, R.	Harlem, Ga.
Watkins, R. M.	Augusta, Ga.



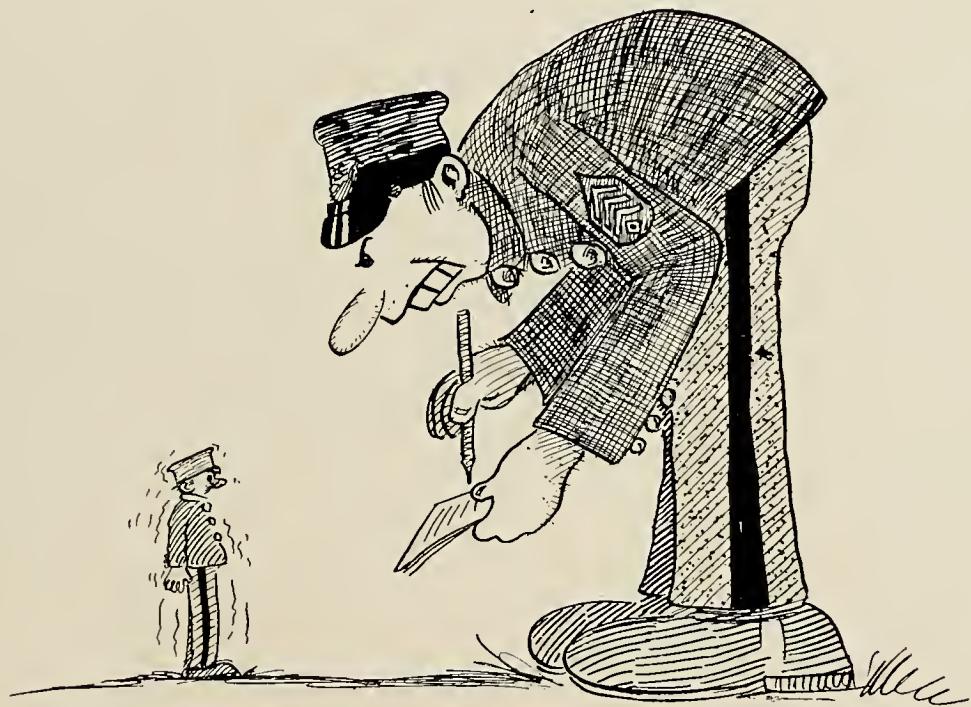
THE ARC



MAJOR E. C. B. DANFORTH, JR.
Commandant of Cadets

Formerly Major in the 82nd Division
United States Army

MILITARY



J. MERRY
M.



Military Department

CAPT. H. A. HOWELL, *Editor*

OUR present military department, is now completing its twenty-second year. The organization having been formed in 1898 by Major Geo. P. Butler, who continued as commandant until the year 1919, when he retired to give more time to his duties as principal.

During this time the Battalion made great progress. At first there was only one company, but owing to the great increase in attendance it was soon possible to organize three companies, and a little later, four. The Battalion was at first supplied with single-shot Remington rifles, but in the year 1915 new Craig-Jorgensen carbines were loaned by the government. These are still used. At the present time the attendance is so large that rifles are available for only three companies. More rifles, however, have been ordered and it is hoped that they will arrive before the end of the present year.

In the fall of 1919 the command of the Battalion was given to Major E. C. B. Danforth, Jr., who, during the late war, served as a Major in the 82nd Division. Major Danforth was formerly a member of the Academy faculty until the beginning of the war, at which time he entered the service as captain. During the war he made for himself an enviable record and earned a promotion from captain to major. For this reason we are especially glad that Major Danforth has returned to the Academy as Commandant of Cadets.

This year many new features have been introduced into the activities of the Battalion, all of which have made the drilling more profitable and pleasant. Before this time all the drilling done by the Battalion was in close order, but this year extended order, and methods of real fighting were learned. This has greatly stimulated interest in the department, and has also given some elemental knowledge of the correct methods of fighting. This year also competitive drills between the platoons were added. About every three weeks one of these drills is held to determine the best first platoon, and the best second platoon. These drills have awakened lively interest and developed snap. The companies are now drilling and getting ready for the company drill which is to be held in the near future. This drill always puts the officers and men on edge, since it is the crowning feature of the year, and everyone is doing his best to make his own company come out first. This year it is thought that the drill will be unusually close, as all of the companies have been drilling well and it is hard at this time to tell which is the best. The companies have developed more pep this year than ever before and for this reason it is thought that they will show up splendidly in the exhibition drills.

Our band is also showing up exceptionally well. Since its organization in 1915 it has advanced in leaps and bounds. This year under the leadership of Capt. Burdashaw it is furnishing excellent music.

Before the war, the Battalion engaged in target practice, the ammunition being furnished by the government and splendid records were made by some of the boys. But during the war this was discontinued, much to the regret of the entire student body. This year, however, Major Danforth hopes to take it up again, the shooting to be done on the government target range situated a few miles from Augusta. The officers are now practicing the correct methods of aiming and firing.

: THE ARC :



MAJOR DANFORTH AND STAFF

STAFF:	<i>Adjutant</i>	M. A. Whitney
	<i>Color Sergeants</i>	Roberts, P., Ridlehoover, F.
	<i>Supply Sergeant</i>	Attridge, O. C.
	<i>Bugler</i>	Owens, M.

In previous years it has been the custom of the Battalion, during the months of April, May and June, to wear khaki uniforms because the blue uniforms were too heavy for this season. But this year, owing to the scarcity of materials and the inability of the manufacturers to furnish the goods at a reasonable price, it has been decided that we will not wear them. This however will not hinder the military department, as the blue uniforms have been worn before until the end of school.

THE A R C

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

MAJOR E. C. B. DANFORTH, JR.

Captain R. A. Symms, *Co. A* Captain H. A. Howell, *Co. C*

Captain T. B. Phinizy, *Co. D* Captain C. D. Sylvester, *Co. B*

Captain Wm. Burdshaw, *Band*

First Lieutenant M. A. Whitney, *Adjutant*

First Lieutenant H. M. North, *Co. A*

First Lieutenant H. M. Marks, *Co. B*

First Lieutenant M. C. Verdery, *Co. C*

First Lieutenant R. A. Lachman, *Co. D*

First Lieutenant H. E. Fourcher, *Band*

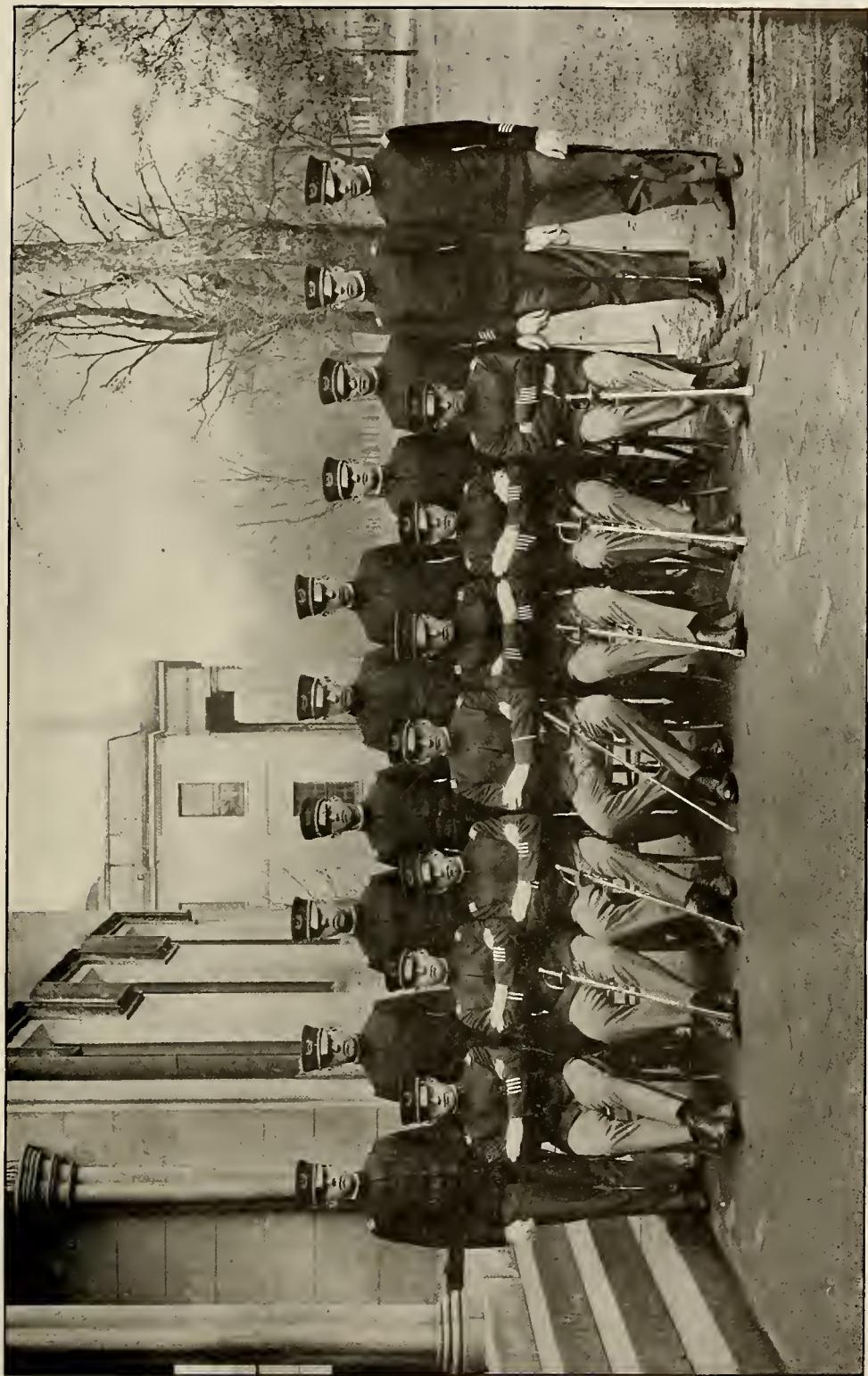
Second Lieutenant J. C. Sherman, *Co. A*

Second Lieutenant Wm. Morris, *Co. B*

Second Lieutenant Wm. Fell, *Co. C*

Second Lieutenant C. G. Henry, *Co. D*

Second Lieutenant H. R. Clark, *Band*



THE ARC



CAPTAIN R. A. SYMMS



MISS LOUISE MARTIN, *Sponsor*

COMPANY "A"

CAPTAIN R. A. SYMMS, *Company Commander*

NORTH, H. M., *First Lieutenant*

SHERMAN, J., *Second Lieutenant*

BURTON, C., *First Sergeant*

Sergeants

Oetjen, L.

Brenner, O.

Morris, L.

Corporals

McGahee, O.

Hogrefe, C.

Watkins, R.

Thompson, G. A.

Reese, L.

Wright, H.

Trowbridge, K.

Privates

Aitchison, C.

Hatch, E. H.

Park, C.

Armstrong, R. J.

Heath, P.

Perkins, H. P.

Beall, L.

Hightower, C. F.

Prather, W.

Beasley, J.

Hinson,

Reid, C. E.

Bishop, C.

Hogan, J.

Reuben, S.

Bostick, R.

Hubert, H. O.

Riley, R.

Cadle, F.

Jaimes, O.

Robinson, H. C.

Chambers, B.

Jones, S.

Scott, J.

Chance, F.

Kilpatrick, C.

Simpkins, L.

Chancey, G.

King, G. P.

Sizemore, G. P.

Chew, B.

Kuhlik, E.

Smith, F.

Colley, P.

Lambert, L.

Spires, H.

Cronch, L.

Lucky, W.

Steed, W.

Cunningham, A. B.

Marks, G.

Stelling, H.

Dillard, J. F.

Marks, P.

Story, L. V.

Dorset, F.

Marschalk, E.

Story, T. E.

Elliot, S.

McElmurray, R. M.

Templeton, S. O.

Fender, A.

McGee, G.

Thomas, R.

Ferguson, H.

McNabb, D. K.

Todd, A.

Florence, R. S.

Merry, Bradford

Weathers, C.

Hankinson, W.

Miller, D.

Wilcox, B.

Hardman, W. E.

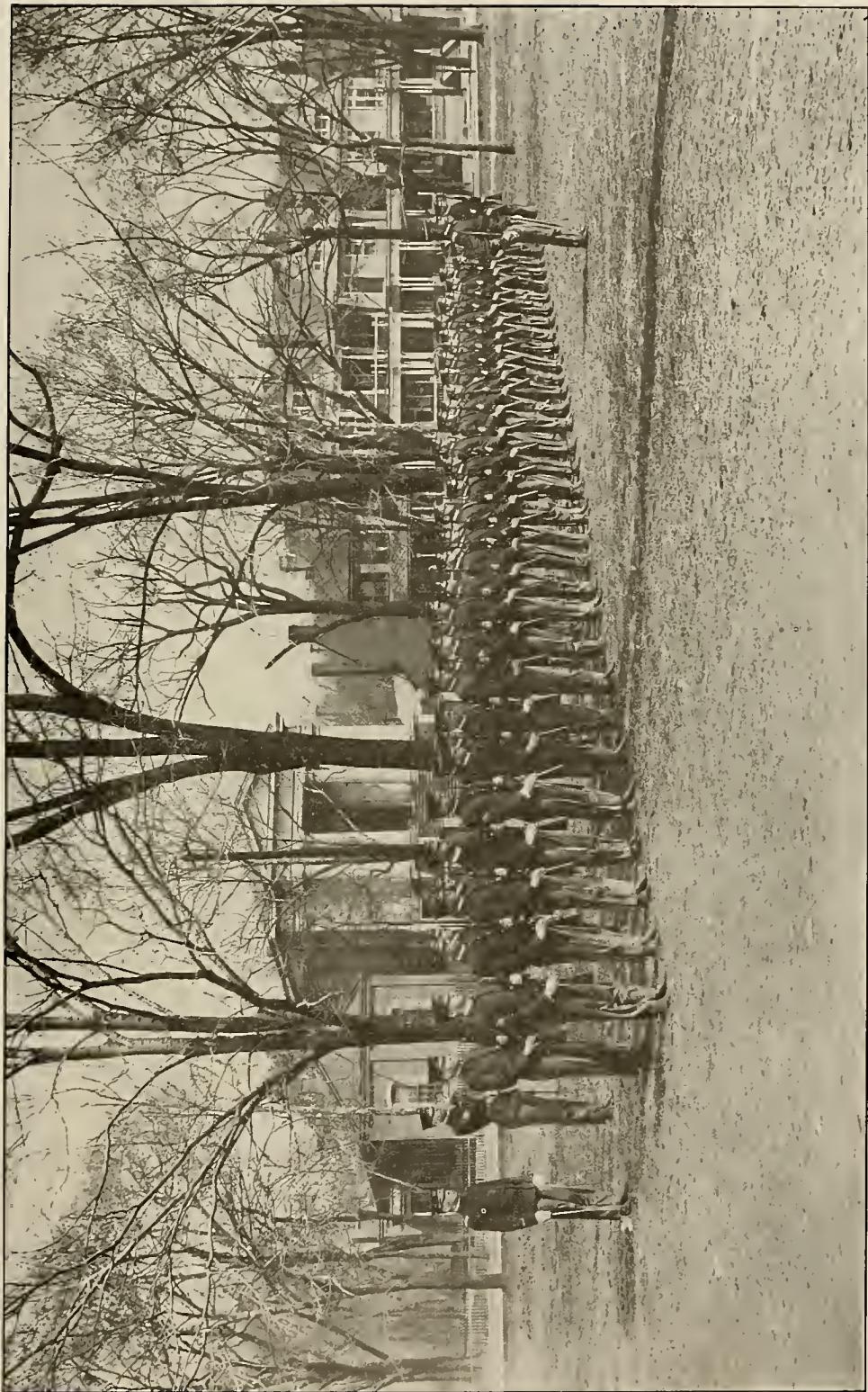
Morris, H.

Wilk, A.

Harris, T.

Murrah, W. E.

Williams, M.



THE ARC



CAPTAIN C. DOUGHTY SYLVESTER



MISS KATHARINE CARD, *Sponsor*

COMPANY "B"

CAPTAIN C. DOUGHTY SYLVESTER, Company Commander

MARKS, H., First Lieutenant

MORRIS, W., Second Lieutenant

CLECKLEY, H. M., First Sergeant

Sergeants

Merry, G.

Fargo, C.

Kilpatrick, A.

Lokey, L.

Corporals

Weigle, J. C.

Halford

Eimnoch, W.

Gardiner, S.

Belding, M. G.

Magruder, G. M.

Conley, H.

Baker, E.

Privates

Anderson, R. E.

Finney, T.

Medlock, R.

Babbitt, E.

Foreman, W.

Merry, E.

Barns, T.

Gibson, W. H.

Moog, S..

Baxley, M.

Gleason, C.

McNeil,

Benson, B.

Gleason, J.

Newman, H.

Boyd, L.

Goodwin, T.

Nixon, G. H.

Brigham, C.

Greason, t.

Papageorge, G. T.

Brigham, E.

Greene, J. C.

Plait, E.

Brittingham, G.

Griswold, C. C.

Rainwater, R. E.

Brown, H.

Hair, H.

Sammel, J.

Burton, W. F.

Hamilton, T.

Savitz, E.

Bush, F. W.

Harrison, D.

Sebler, E. J.

Cheatham, J. H.

Haskel, A.

Sherlock, C.

Churchill, C. H.

Hill, M.

Skinner, E.

Daniels, R.

Holland, P.

Smith, A.

D'Antignac, W.

Inman, H.

Speering, H.

Dawson, T. B.

Irvin, T.

Stebbins, G.

Dicks, E.

Jordan, H.

Stelling, H. G.

Doar, F.

Leitner, G.

Sunnerson, G.

Doughty, W.

Leonard, L.

Sweet, E. A.

Fair, B. W.

Lucky, J. C.

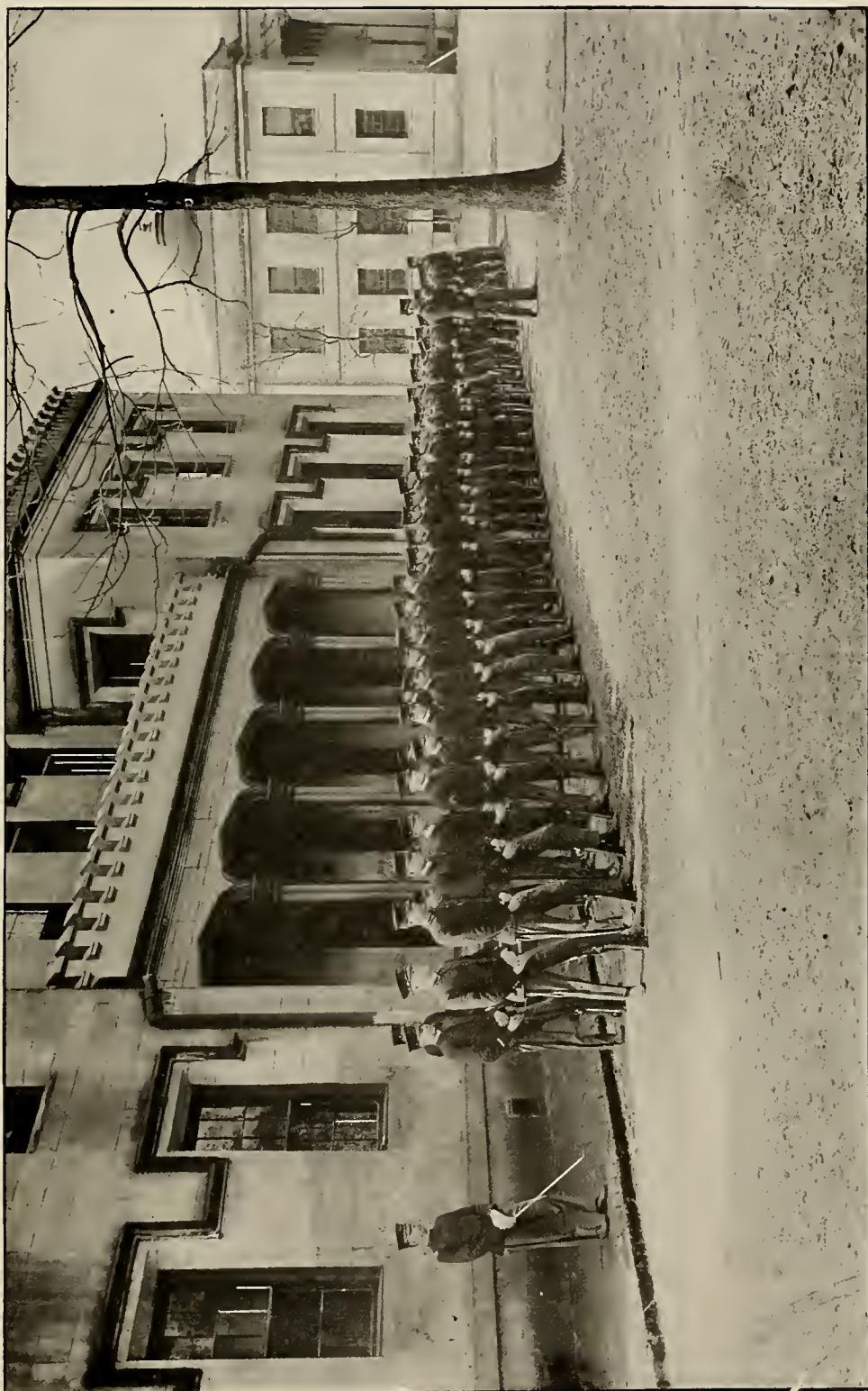
Trowbridge, C.

Farrah, M.

Mannen, R.

Wyly, H.

Fazio, P.



THE ARC



CAPTAIN H. A. HOWELL



MISS FRANK INMAN, *Sponsor*

COMPANY "C"

CAPTAIN H. A. HOWELL, Company Commander

VERDERY, M., First Lieutenant

FELL, W., Second Lieutenant

HEATH, C. E., First Sergeant

Sergeants

Dunbar, B.

Morris, A.

Clark, M.

Nachman, M.

Corporals

Adams, M.
Jennings, J.

Law, W.
Lynch, W.
Killingsworth,

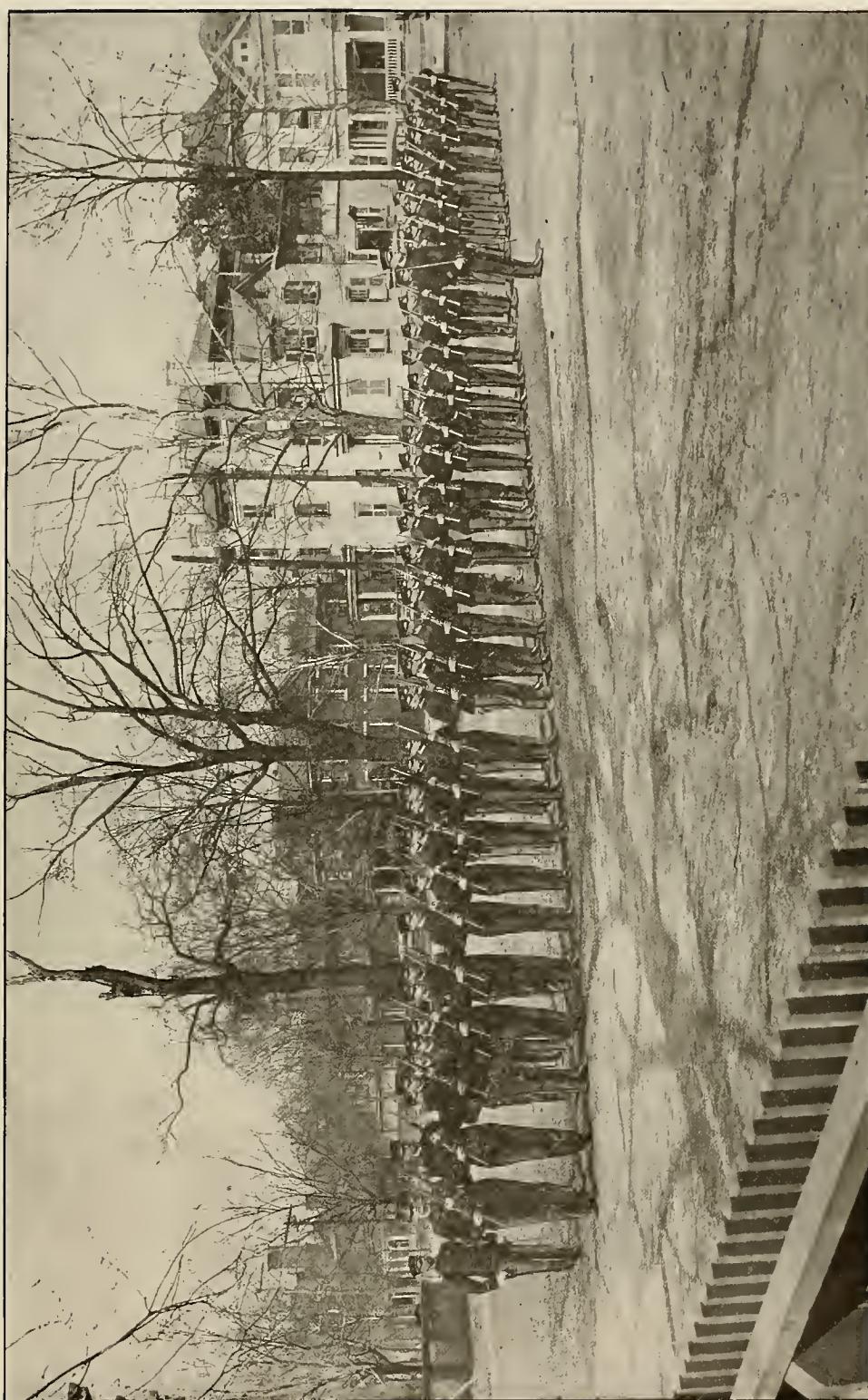
Gepfert, L. R.
Owens, A.

Privates

Aldrich, E.
Andrews, F.
Baird, W.
Barken, H.
Beall, J.
Beckum, T.
Binns, L.
Bleakley, A.
Boland, E. G.
Buckley, R.
Burton, J.
Caldwell, J. M.
Camps, C. H.
Carr, L.
Chong, H.
Cook, N.
Craig, H.
Culhun, H.
Cumming, H.
Eakes, J. T.
Emigh, J.

Eubanks, H.
Evans, J.
Everett, L. D.
Faust, E.
Flint, J.
Freeland, B.
Gillman, C.
Gillman, T. R.
Goodrich, C.
Hagler, E.
Hammond, F.
Hardin, S.
Hendee, M.
Hiers, G.
Holman,
Hughes, F.
Humphrey, W.
Johnson, S.
Levy, S.
Marschalk, F.
Mason, H.

Masur, J.
Mathews, E.
Mertins, F.
Metts, J.
McElmurray, R.
Noe, Thos.
Norris, G.
Powell, F.
Powell, W.
Rhodes, C.
Russo, J.
Schutz, M.
Shimoff, E.
Smith, B.
Smith, V. L.
Tessier, C. E.
Thomas, L.
White, H.
White, P.
Williams, R.
Wyman, J. L.



THE ARC



CAPTAIN THOS. B. PHINIZY



Miss MARGARET McGOWAN, *Sponsor*

COMPANY "D"

CAPTAIN THOMAS B. PHINIZY, Company Commander

LACKMAN, R., First Lieutenant

HENRY, G., Second Lieutenant

MERRY, A. B., First Sergeant

Sergeants

Philpot, W. K.

Parks, R. L. M.
Radford, R. S.

Davis, W. H.

Corporals

Miller, H. M.
Rosborough, E. E.

Carswell, P. W.
Mallard, M. A.
Fourcher, K.

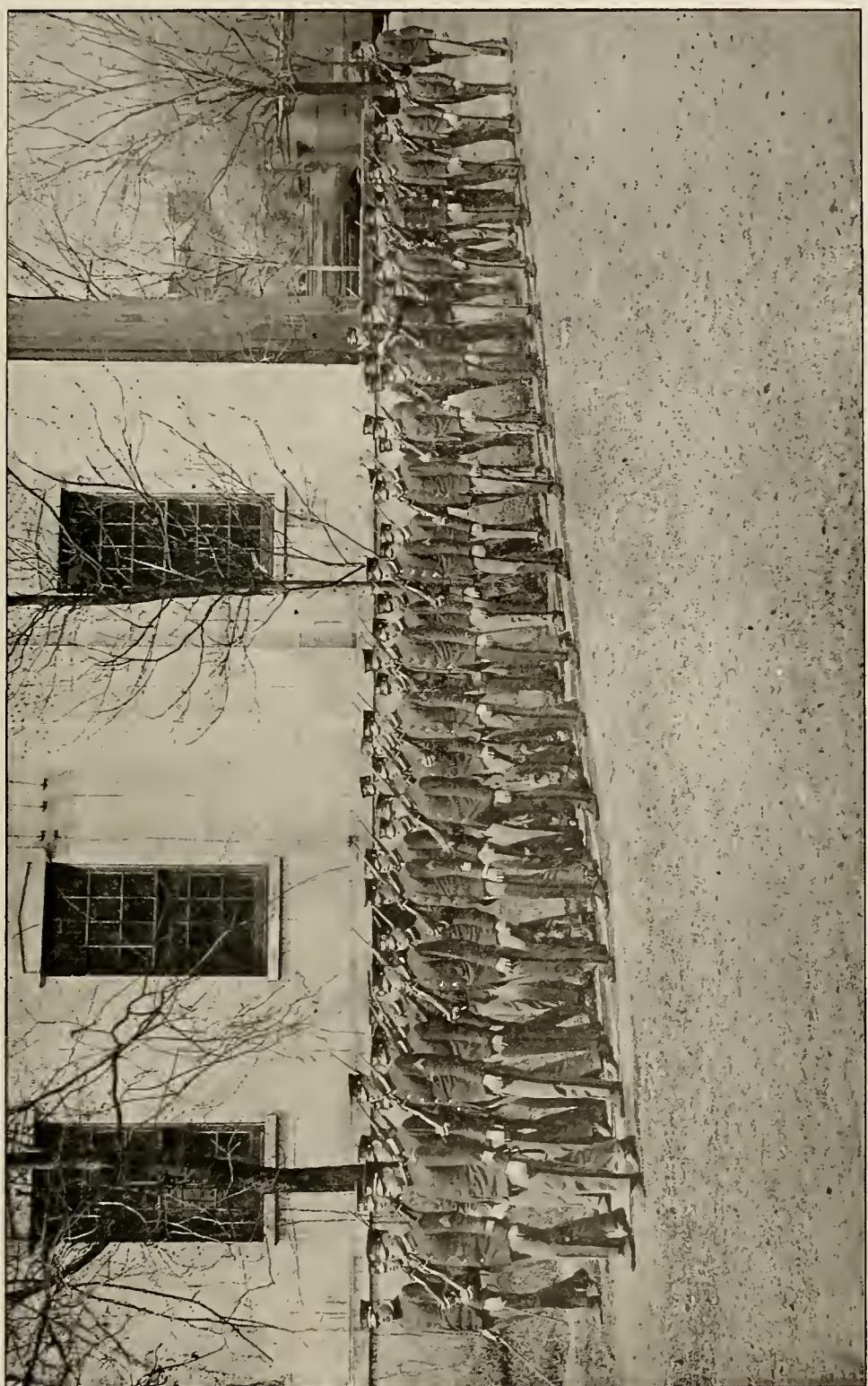
Fulghum, W.
Thomas, F. W.

Privates

Adams, O.
Andrews, W.
Bain, J. A.
Beasley, A.
Bland, W. E.
Boatwright, G.
Booker, R.
Brawner, J. H.
Byrd, W. O.
Cabaness, W. F. E.
Cannon, L.
Carroll, Q. W.
Carswell, E.
Cashin, H.
Cason, A. W.
Cohen, A.
Cook, W. A.
Cowart, S.
Fansby, W.
Dasher, N. E.
Deas, W. J.
Dunbar, F. F.

Eames, E. N.
Ergle, A.
Eubanks, H. B.
Fennell, S. W.
Fluker, R. A.
Flythe, S.
Frank, A.
Garwood, J.
Gibson, F. E.
Gleason, W. C.
Gray, T.
Hammond, J. H.
Hardwick, W. W.
Harmon, J.
Harper, H. C.
Humphrey, A. W.
Jones, M.
Kelly, J.
Kinard, J. V.
Kuhlke, C.
Laird, H. C.
Legwen, G.

Miller, J. A.
Mitchell, R. E.
Morgan, F. M.
Mnephay, P.
Norvell, W. C.
Palmer, B. C. D.
Pollock, A. M.
Richards, W.
Sack, A.
Schneider, H. P.
Scott, H. P.
Shedd, W. W.
Sheely, L.
Snavely, W. B.
Sonthall, T. J.
Verdery, C. B.
Walker, J. W.
Wall, F. D.
Walton, W. T.
White, P. W.
Winchenback, B. E.
Young, B.



THE ARC



CAPTAIN WM. BURDASHAW

THE BAND

OFFICERS

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BURDASHAW, *Leader (Cornet)*

FOURCHER, H., *First Lieutenant (Cornet)*

CLARK, H. R., *Second Lieutenant (Cornet)*

First Sergeant

YOUNG, W. C. (Baritone)

Corporals

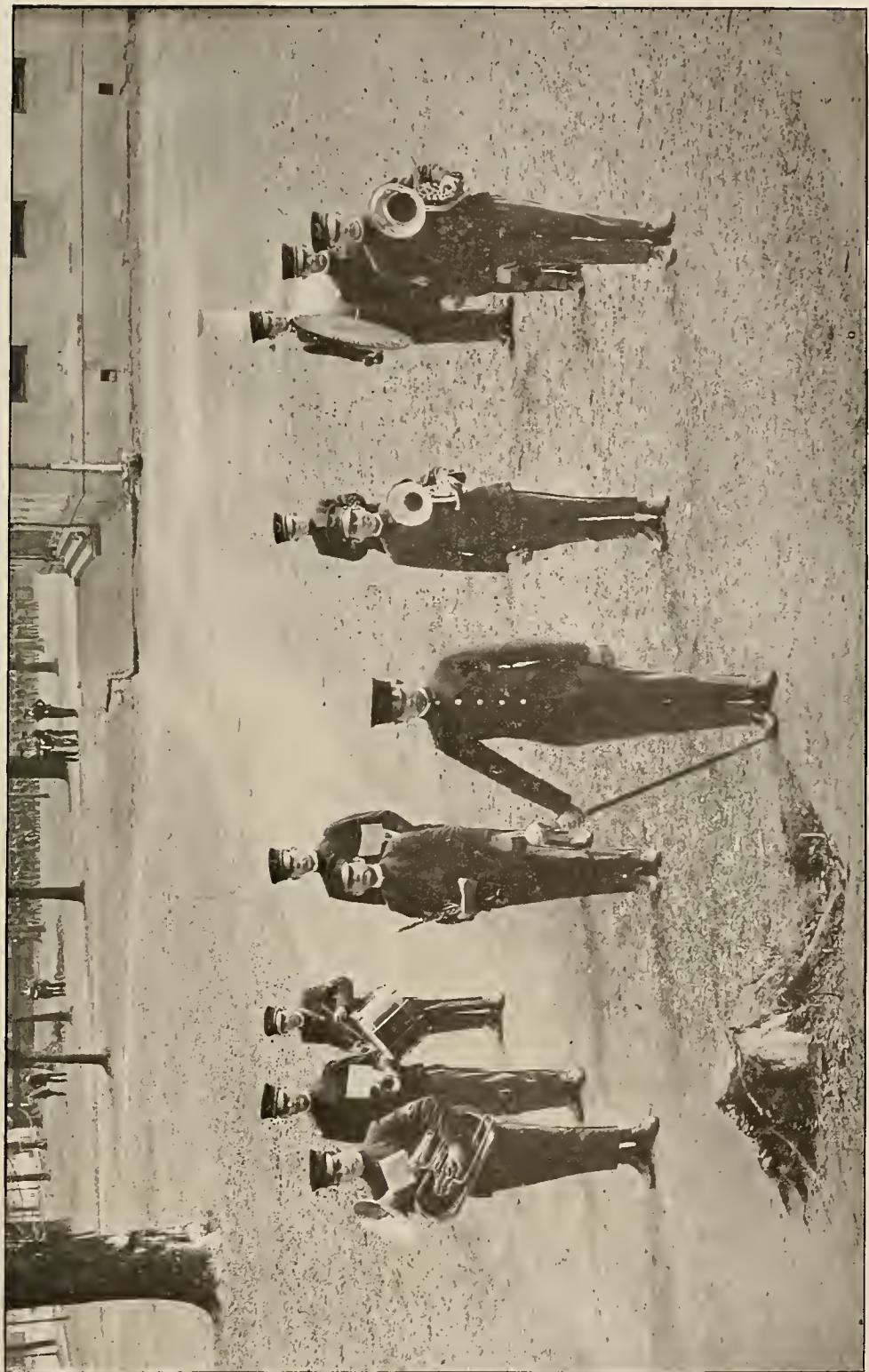
Walton, R. (Bass) Van Pelt, J. (Drums)

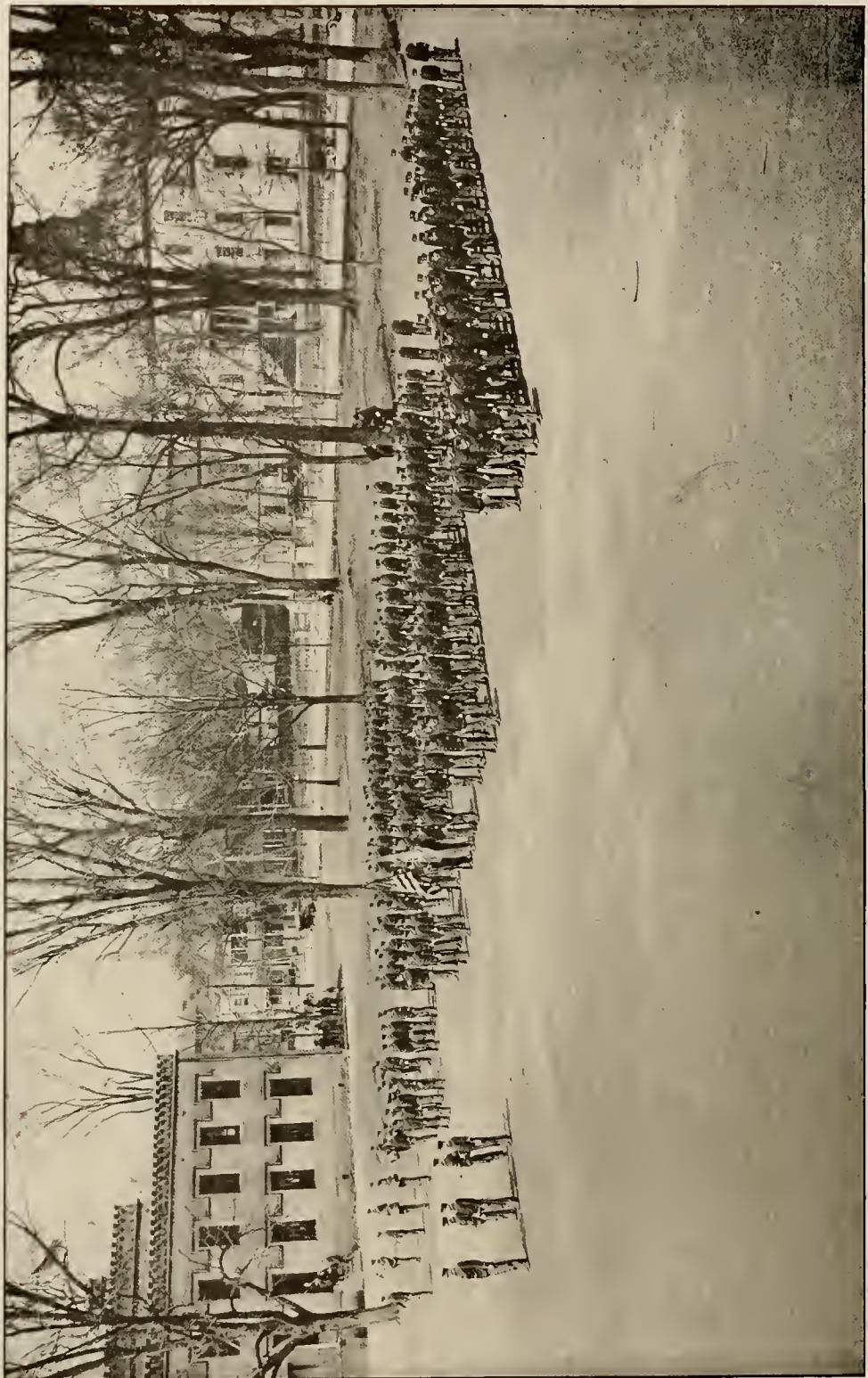
Drum Major

Jones, B. B.

Privates

Anderson, S. (Clarinet)	Ergle, R. (Trombone)
Bazemore, M. (Cornet)	Kershaw, J. (Base Drum)
Cohen, L. (Alto)	Kershaw, T. (Alto)
Emigh, H. (Cymbals)	Preacher, T. L. (Cornet)







FIRST PLATCON, COMPANY "C"
Guard Mount
Commanded by Lieutenant M. C. Verdery



SECOND PLATOON, COMPANY "A"
Extended Order
Commanded by Lieutenant J. C. Sherman

THE ARC

Nothing Is In Vain

Nothing is in vain:
Not a flower blooms to die,
Neath the shade on open sky,
But is found by some lone eye;
It shall bloom again;
For the thoughts of God shall be
Lasting as eternity.

Not a sweet voiced bird
Lives and sings and flies away
But some heart is gladdened; nay,
Not the music of a day
Passed all unheard;
Still there is an ear that hears
All the music of the spheres.

Not a soulful deed
That by human hand is wrought,
Nor a kindly word, to naught
By the cankering years is brought;
Not a soul-born creed
In forgetfulness long lies;
It shall grow where falsehood dies.



CLASS EVENTS



THE ARC



Minutes of the Class of 1920

By CAPT. R. A. SYMMS

THE School Term of 1919-1920 opened September 15th with twenty-one seniors on roll. The first business taken up by the Class was the purchasing of rings and pins on September 25th. A committee consisting of T. Phinizy and R. Symms was appointed by the Class to select the design. After the committee had decided on a design a Class meeting was called in order to make purchases. These rings and pins were purchased from the C. D. Reese Co. of New York City and are now worn, some by the members of the Class themselves, and some by the interesting ex-officio members.

The next important meeting of the Class was called on Tuesday, November 4th, for the purpose of organizing the Class. The following officers were elected: Goodrich Henry, President; Homer Howell, Vice-President; Allen Symms, Secretary; William Dimmoeck, Treasurer; William Fell and Marion Verdery, Athletic Representatives. After the election the question was brought before the Class as to whether the Class should publish an Arc Light or an Annual or both, but the Class adjourned before a decision was reached.

On Monday, November 10th, the Class was called to order by the President to take up the question of the publication. There were many suggestions by members of the Class as to whether the Class should have an Arc Light or an Annual. A committee consisting of N. M. Tobey, T. Phinizy, W. Dimmoeck was appointed to confer with the Principal, Publication Committee of the Faculty, and the Lower Classes; each of whom should be consulted in the plans of a school publication. The next question taken into consideration was the election of the Publication Staff, which is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Goodrich Henry; Asst. Editor-in-Chief, Homer Howell; Business Manager, Allen Symms; Asst. Bus. Mgr. and Treas., Thos. Phinizy; Asst. Bus. Mgr. (4th Class) Henry North, Jr.; Literary Editor, N. M. Tobey; Art Editor, L. Levy; Asst. Art Editors (4th Class), B. Merry and P. Roberts; Military Editor, H. Howell; Joke Editor, M. Verdery; Asst. Joke Editor, C. Attridge; Class Events Editor, H. R. Clark; Athletic Editor, A. Thompson.

The 4th of February an important meeting was called for the discussion of the planting of a tree by the Class which will be a living memorial to the Class of 1920. This proposition was thought a fine one, and a committee was appointed to look after the matter. The question also arose as to Class Day. Immediate action toward this project was undertaken and the following Class Day officers were elected: Historian, C. Attridge; Orator, N. M. Tobey; Prophet, M. Verdery; Poet, D. Sylvester; Last Will and Testament, M. W. Norvell; Minutes, R. A. Symms. A motion was also made at this meeting that the Class give a dance. This met with a great deal of enthusiasm and definite arrangements were immediately made.

Another very important question arose which had to be settled immediately, so on the 3rd of March a short meeting was called to decide to whom the Annual should be dedicated. This question had been discussed before but upon consideration, the Class decided Mr. J. F. Cason, our English teacher, the one to whom we desired to dedicate it. There was a unanimous vote in Mr. Cason's favor.

We sincerely trust that the Class of 1920 will accomplish much more and be as successful in the future as it has been in the past, for we are planning many more things.



THE ARC



Last Will and Testament

By MARION W. NORVELL

State of Georgia:

Academy of Richmond County.

In the name of God; Amen.

We, the Class of Nineteen Twenty, of the State and School aforesaid, by reason of great physical pain, mental anguish, and spiritual travail for five long years of toil, trial, and trouble; woefull weak and feeble of body, and brought now in our declining days to realize that our course in this Highway of Hades is almost run; yet being in full and free possession and control of our faculties, yea, even of exceeding sound and disposing mind and memory; now, therefore, for the purpose of making known our wishes concerning the rites to be observed over our remains, on the occasion of our death and burial, and of providing for a wise, just, and equitable division and disposition of our lands, goods, and earthly possessions of every kind, for the mitigation in a measure of the demoralization naturally consequent upon our probable demise for the pertuation on the face of the earth, of this Old Historic Institution, when we no longer haunt it in flesh, for insuring comfort and competence in their old age to those here dependent on us, who might other wise be left destitute and helpless, for the causes of charity and benevolence, and the expression of appreciation of gratitude to those who have befriended us on our way and made the burdens of our journeys easier, and for such other purposes, as the law may deem necessary and proper, do hereby declare, publish, ordain and establish this the last Will and Testament of us, the said Class of 1920, to-wit:

ITEM 1: We bequeath one bottle of Glover's Mange Cure to "Sugar Valley Copeland," to stimulate the growth of that misplaced eye brow which boldly adorns his upper lip.

ITEM 2: To Mr. J. F. Cason we leave the love and gratitude of the Class of 1920; and, as an inspiration to his thoughts and memories of this Class, we bequeath to him one cob pipe, to enjoy, without let or hinderance, that he may live over the old days again freely and fully, without title or diminution.

ITEM 3: To Mr. J. L. Skinner, a Utopian dream of a dormitory where silence reigns supreme; where the nights are never cold; where the meals are served on time, grits and bacon thrice a day; where syrup and water are mixed without detection; where napkins are never soiled; and where the supply of "Corn Willie" never runs low.

ITEM 4: To our Coach, Robt. Hall Crook, we hereby bequeath a postal service by which letters from Mississippi always arrive on time; and between arrivals, a resting refuge in Ruth's Rambling Reo.

ITEM 5: To Mr. J. Evans Eubanks, one Interlinear Translation of "Caesar's Gallic Wars," published by Hinds and Noble.

ITEM 6: To Hill Billy Malone, one pair of brogan shoes, lined with gravel to make him feel at home.

ITEM 7: To Major High Pockets Danforth the daily delivery of one package of peanuts.

ITEM 8: To Chas. Guy Cordle, one chewing gum collector; one hundred volumes of adventure and pictures of tree stumps, corn fields and fences.

ITEM 9: To the principal's secretary, Mr. O. C. Skinner, one new suit of clothes to replace the ancient overalls that he has been wearing around here.



THE ARC



ITEM I0: To Wm. R. Kennedy, one Maxim Silencer for Baby Bill, and nights of peaceful slumber.

ITEM II: For Mr. de Bruyne we leave one stick of Juicy Fruit.

Realizing that tokens of love and appreciation should be bestowed on the living, rather than on the dead, so that they may be a constant reminder to us while in the flesh of said love and affection, the following gifts have been made to the members of the Class of 1920:

To one, Albert Thompson, in order that the anguish of a love-sick heart may be stayed, and that his once beaming countenance may again be wreathed in smiles, we present one volume on "How to Make Love," by Robt. Hall Crook.

To Norman M. Tobey, one pad lock and chain, said articles to be used in aiding him to keep securely by him his little red leather satchel.

To Raymond Lackman we hereby devise one wire mouse trap in order that when the animals are caught their hides will be unmarred by sears, so that they may bring the highest market price.

And for our old class-mate, "Blushing Bill Burdashaw," we leave one package of Chesterfield cigarettes, a season ticket to the Labor Hall dances, and a year's subscription to the *Hawk Eye*.

All our astuteness and genius for political schemes and manipulations by the exercise of which it has been possible for us to promote and maintain our own power, and execute our plans for the wise and just administration of affairs, we hereby give, devise and bequeath to our dear friends and associations in life the Class of 1921, that the said Class of 1921 shall in the same manner take care of the common weal in the trying times of the future.

To Wm. Shivers Morris, Jr., we hereby bequeath one rattler to satisfy his simple and child-like desires.

To Mademoiselle Kenneth Fourcher and Miss Roberta Walton we bequeath each a vanity case and a powder puff so that their "Dolly Dimple" complexions will assume the desired rosy aspect.

To all supporters of Darwin's Theory of Evolution, we present one Meade Owens, known as "Little Nemo the Monkey Man," the long sought for "Missing Link."

We bequeath to George Brittingham one volume on "How to Make Good Marks Without Studying," by H. Marks.

To Corp. Baker we hereby bequeath one pair of A. R. C. trousers that are guaranteed to out last any Ford automobile.

And for the purpose of enforcing and executing and disposing of all our other property not hereinbefore especially devised and bequeathed, we appoint our faithful janitor, Albert, excusing him on account of the great trust which we repose in him from giving any bond whatsoever, and direct that he take for himself all wearing apparel of which we die possessed, as well as liberal payment for all services rendered by him as such executor.

Done in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, and of this "Old Historic Institution," The Academy of Richmond County, One Hundred and Thirty-Seven.

Whereunto, we set our hand and seal.

Witnessed by M. T. Bryson, Notary Public, ex-officio Justice of Peace.



THE ARC



Oration

By NORMAN TOBEY

The Senior Class of The Academy of Richmond County is now nearing the end of five long years. Our work has not been easy but in the course of these years we have been able to observe the progress of a student in this school.

The first year at the Academy is usually a trying one. The student must learn the functions of an unfamiliar organization more complex than that of a grammar school. The first few days are full of the seeming confusion of the university plan such as his course abbreviations, building directions, and schedule with strange teachers and boys. Everything is thrown upon himself. He is responsible. There is no one to tell him he has a recitation at a certain period or where to go, yet he must be at the proper place on time with his work done. Much of his work upon the new studies has to be done at home, unhappily therefore, some find at first it is easy to become lax with the new work and fall behind without any discomfort on their part. Fortunately this condition does not last long for as soon as the work is well under way, the poor little freshman finds that altho he may have many class-mates to hide behind, the teacher has a way of finding out what he is doing. Then there comes a defining stage. Their abilities are defined by the faculty and by themselves. Some are judged weak and are sent back for a better foundation, while those allowed to stay are assured of success if they do their part.

But, nevertheless, the freshman does not take his work very seriously, but he likes to explore the time class and delights in playing jokes that would not be possible in grammar school. But the majority settle down by the mid-year to the work that is still unfamiliar and difficult.

In the second year the student is not handicapped by new methods. The new studies are smoothly taken up and if the first year has been a good one, he finds he can pick up his new subjects quickly and get settled to establish himself. If the first year had been wrongly spent, he may find the studies heavy and hard to understand, but usually the fellow that passes his first year's work has shown himself capable to handle the second.

With the second year a new school attitude is born. He is no longer a freshman but he looks down upon the lower classmen with contempt; for he is a sophomore.

The third year is also a year of establishment. The work is now really difficult and much ground is covered. This is the year when the student begins proudly to drop the information among his friends that he is now studying such and such a subject. It is in this year that many of the elementary courses are applied to the new, therefore the former training is reflected in the work of the present. The finish of preparatory work is now well in sight.

The fourth year marks a great appliance of all the elementary subjects and the student must cover a large volume of work rapidly. The development of the individual mind to work independently, rapidly and accurately, transforms the boy of a few years ago into a young man capable of hard work and of getting results quickly. The problems of the first few years which were formerly attacked by the process of analogy are now solved purely by logic altho the principles and rules have been long forgotten.

At the end of the fourth year the junior class men are ready for college



THE ARC



and some leave for other schools, but others prefer to take advantage of the course of freshmen college work offered here.

With the fifth year, the duties of a senior are various. Besides, more difficult work than any of that of the preceding years, he must attend to the functions of his class as an organization. The last two years there has been an Annual to prepare which requires a vast amount of work.

On the other hand, the successful young man finds that altho his studies require more work, the difficulties can be met with sharper minds than ever before. The problems that would before require hardest study can now be solved easily. In the routine work, the fifth classman learns to systematize and his powers of condensation and concentration are much greater.

So we view the function of the High School in the life of a young man as a constructive means to a great end—life which may be represented as a great mountain with success at the summit in the form of power, wealth and intellect.

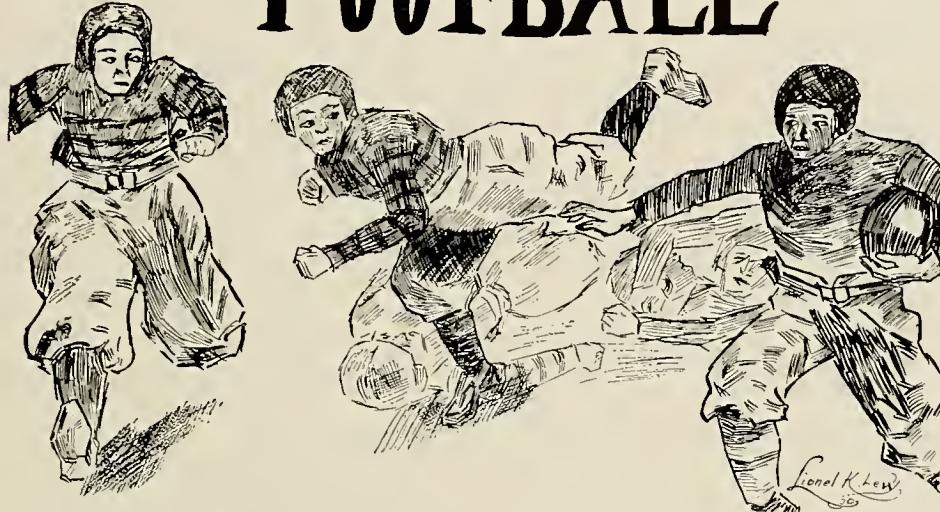
Education represents the foot hills of life which increase in grade from high school to college. At each year's end there is a resting place, a sunny terrace. At any of these stages the young man can dodge around the foot-hills of education and commence the ascention of life but the young man of foresight continues the climb of education; for according to the physiological principle, as work is done, the power to do work is increased and he employs this principle in preparing for the ultimate climb of life. The boy that chooses to go around begins with a handicap of not being able to see his goal on account of the very sheerness of the ascent, but as the young man ascends the foothills, the higher he climbs, the greater is the view, and the sight of the summit is clearer. The path to success in life is straightened and the possibilities of taking the wrong turn are fewer. Then if any young man has held to the ascent of the foot-hills, overcome the temptations of the sunny terraces, and ignores the scorn and taunts of his more sure-footed fellowmen, when he slips upon the steep path, if he can say at the criticism of his record, "I have done my best," then he is a man, and success at the summit of the mountain of life is his.



THE ARC



FOOTBALL



Mr. S. D. Copeland, *Coach*
W. H. Morris, *Captain*

Mr. Crook, Major Danforth, *Asst. Coaches*
Mr. T. B. Bryson, *Manager*

W. Morris, C. Fargo, *Left End*
A. Thompson, P. Bolton, *Left Tackle*
G. Merry, A. Thompson, *Left Guard*
F. Doar, *Center*
R. Lackman, F. Dorset, *Right Guard*

W. Dimock, *Left Half Back*

P. Bolton, C. Gillman, *Right Tackle*
H. North, A. Killpatrick, *Right End*
W. Fell, M. C. Verdery, *Right Half Back*
E. Baker, *Quarter Back*
H. Cleckley, *Full Back*

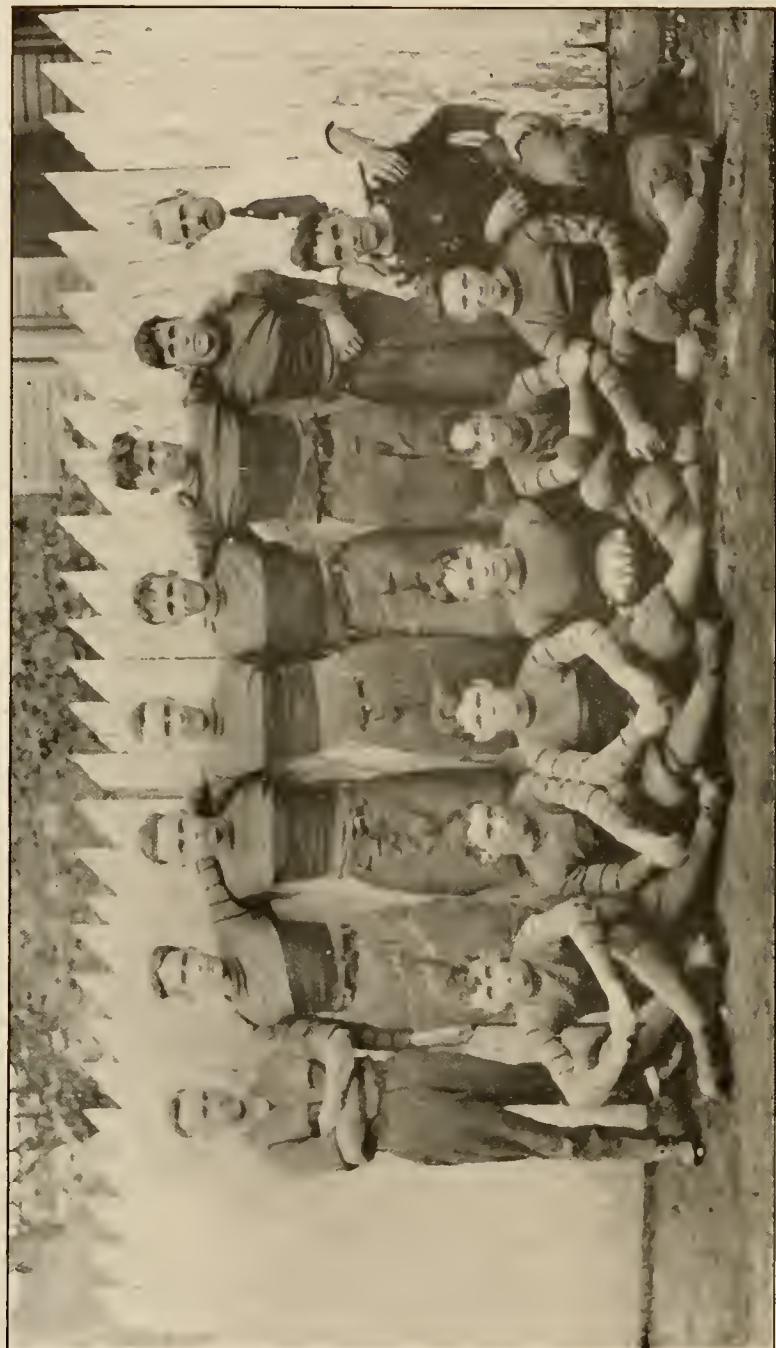
A. R. C. versus Waynesboro..... 43-0
A. R. C. versus Boy's High (Atlanta).... 0-26
A. R. C. versus Johnston..... 75-0
A. R. C. versus Statesboro..... 13-16

A. R. C. versus Lanier High (Macon)..... 20.0
A. R. C. versus Statesboro 6-0
A. R. C. versus Savannah 13-14

A. R. C. SCORED 170

OPPONENTS SCORED 56

BASEBALL TEAM

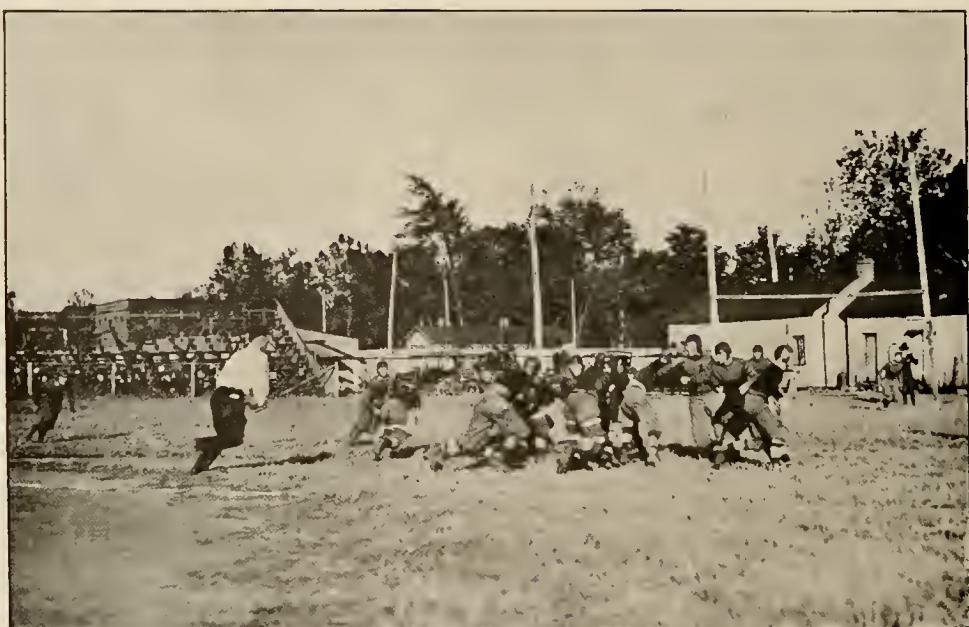




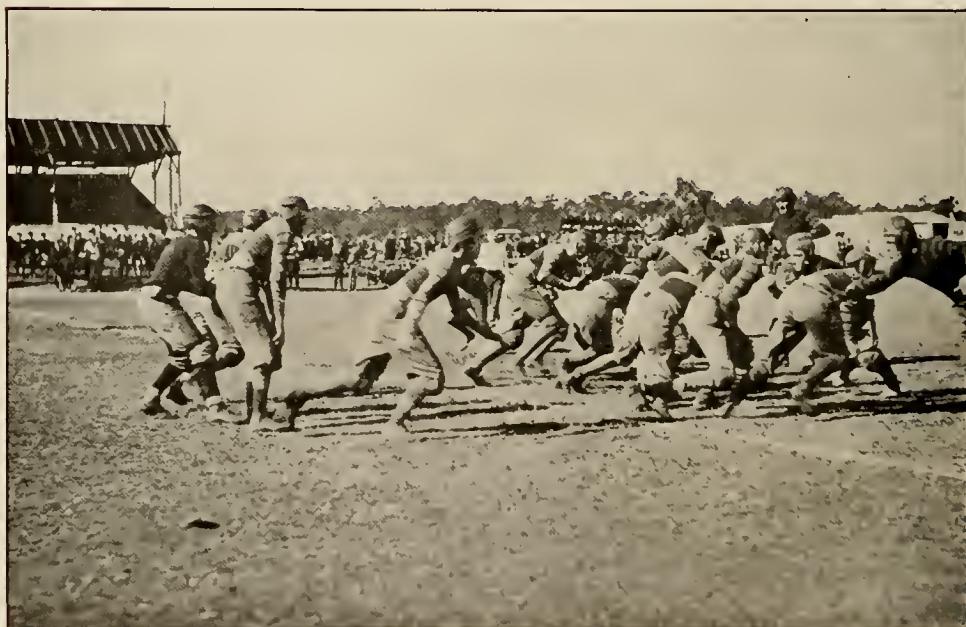
FOOTBALL SQUAD



SAVANNAH GAME



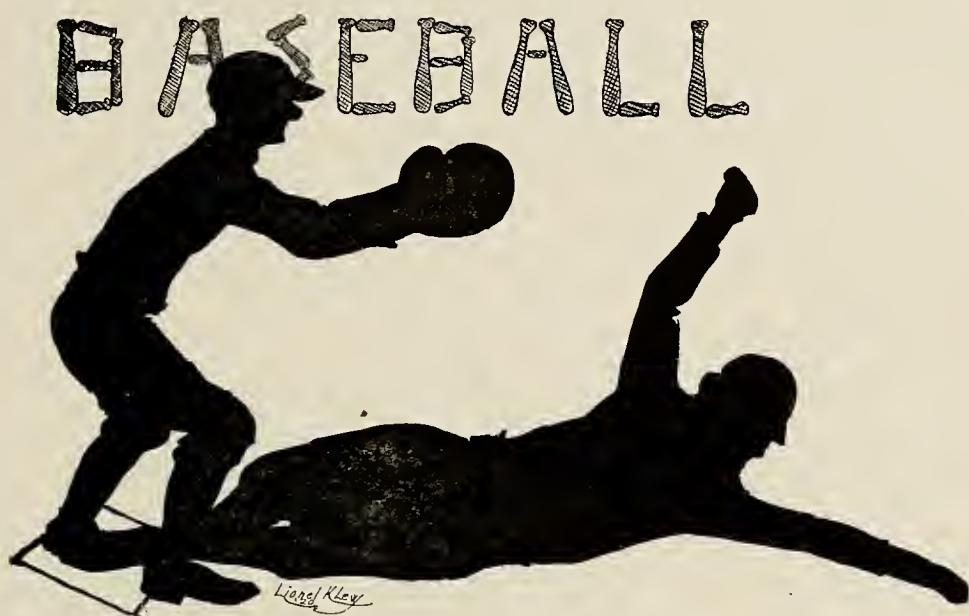
SAVANNAH GAME



STATESBORO GAME



: THE ARC :



Mr. R. Crook, *Coach*

B. Merry, *Manager*

R. Fluker, *Asst. Manager*

W. Fell, *Captain, Catcher*

C. Gillman, A. Owens, G. Kinard, *Pitchers*

W. Philpot, *First Base*

O. C. Attridge, *Second Base*

L. Reese, *Short Stop*

C. Sherlock, *Third Base*

W. Dimmock, G. Johnston, A. Owens,

R. Parks, V. Kinard, *Outfielders*

A. R. C. versns Johnston.....

2-1

A. R. C. versus Columbia

15-1

A. R. C. versns Waynesboro

9-1

A. R. C. versus Carlisle

8-0

A. R. C. versns G. M. C.

0-3

A. R. C. versus Carlisle

9-6

A. R. C. versus Statesboro

2-2

A. R. C. versus Waynesboro.....

21-0

A. R. C. versus Statesboro

0-1

A. R. C. versus Statesboro

3-0

A. R. C. versus Carlisle

2-0

A. R. C. versus Statesboro

3-7

A. R. C. versus Carlisle

0-6

A. R. C. versus Washington

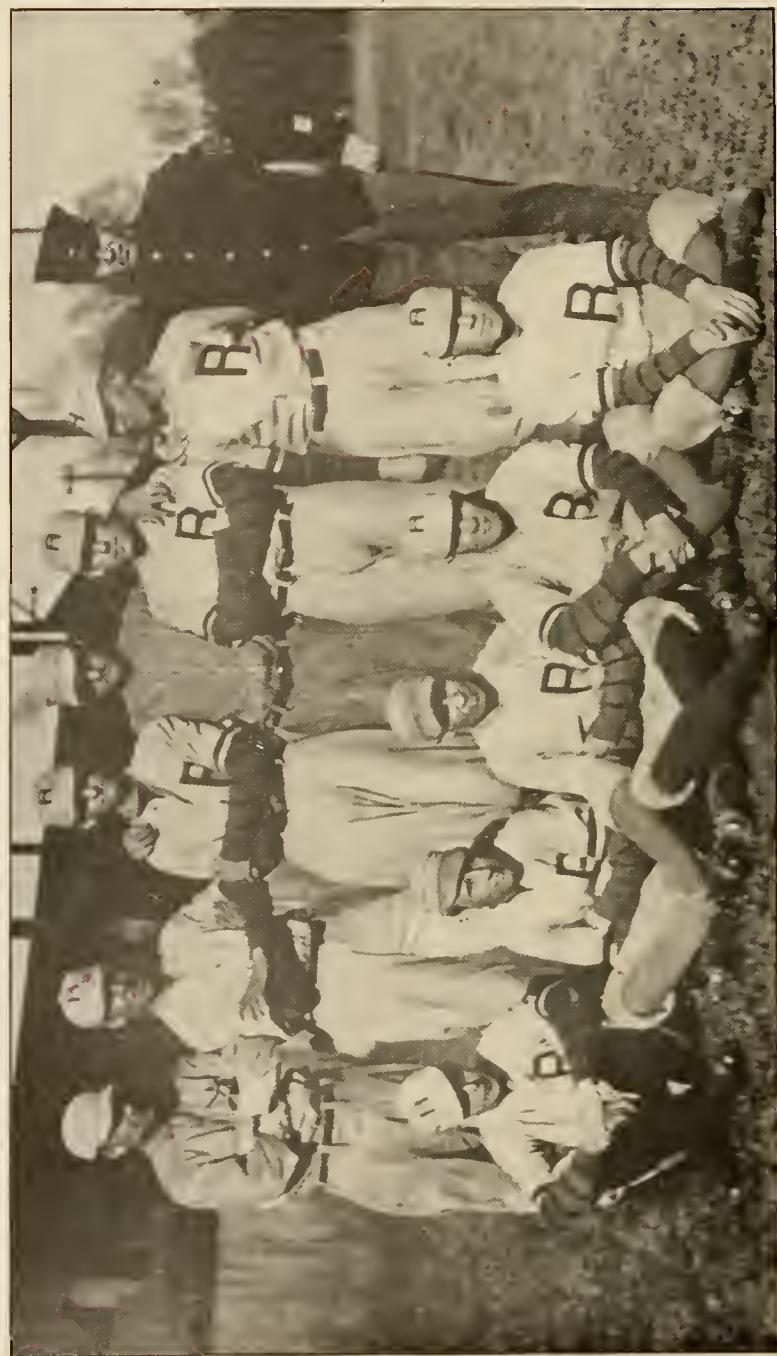
4-2

A. R. C. versns Columbia

7-3

A. R. C. versns Washington

2-0



BASE BALL TEAM

TRACK



C. G. Cordle, Coach

H. Cleckley, Capt.—100-220 Broad Jump Shot Put Relay

R. Cole—Hurdles, High Jump

O. Adams—100-220

E. Baker—440-Relay

R. Trowbridge—Hurdles-440

T. Lynch—440

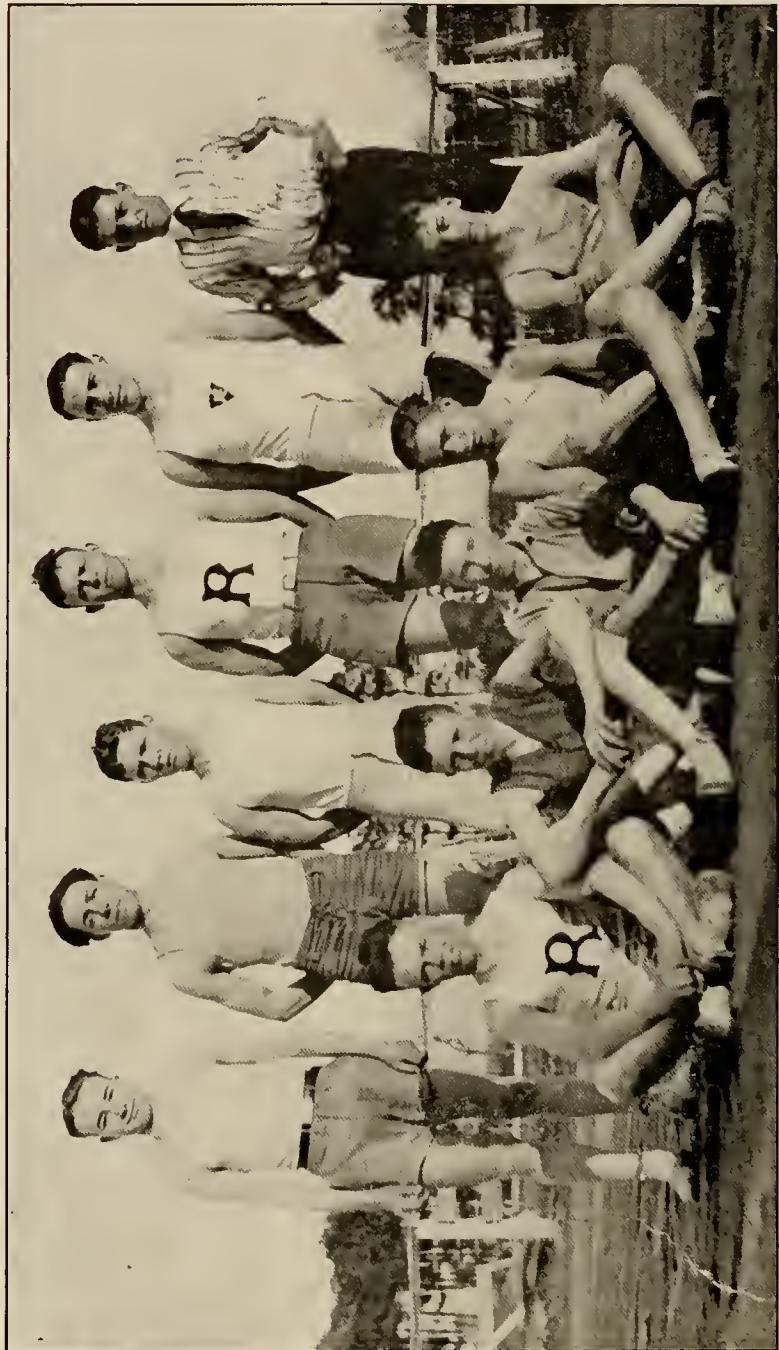
W. Law—Pole Vault

C. D. Verdery—Relay, Pole Vault

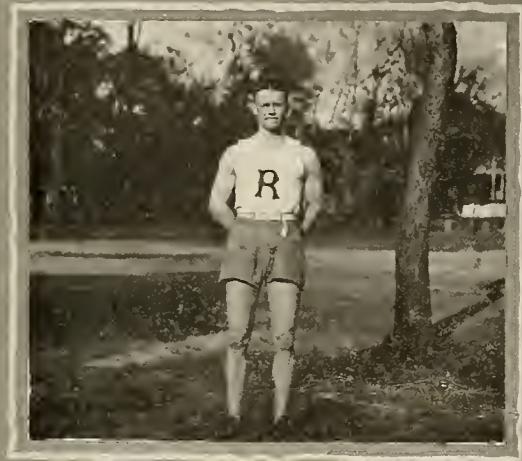
C. D. Sylvester—Hurdles

G. Halford—Hurdles Relay

A. R. C. vs. LANIER HIGH (MACON)..... 38-33



TRACK TEAM





Review of The Year's Athletics

WHEN the A. R. C. football team closed its season for 1919 it had won four games and lost three. It had also won for itself the reputation for clean, hard, and sportsman-like fighting—good losers when the time came to lose.

The season brought out no outshining stars, but brought out a well-trained, well-developed football machine which, when called upon, could show the kind of steel it was made of. The first game of the season was with Waynesboro High School. This was a one sided affair. The Waynesborites put up a good fight, but the heavier line and the fast backs of the Academy were too much for the Waynesboro boys and latter were defeated 43-0.

The second game was the worst of the season from the Academy's standpoint, for in this game the Boy's High Team from Atlanta defeated the Academy team 26-0.

Next on the program was the game with the "fat babies" from Johnston High. This team outweighed the wearers of Purple and Gold, but were inexperienced and were defeated by the score 75-0.

Fourth on the schedule was the game with Statesboro. In the first half it seemed as though the Aggies were going to have an easy time running up a score of 16 in that half. But the tide changed in the second half. The blinding rain seemed to inspire the Academy boys, for they scored two touchdowns in the final frame. The whistle blew with the ball in Richmond's possession on the 4 yard line, the final score being 16-13 in favor of the Aggies.

The next game was played with Lanier High from Macon. The Academy still felt the sting of defeat of the previous baseball season, and got sweet revenge from Bibb County to the tune of 20 to 0.

The sixth game was with the Aggies from Statesboro and was played at the Fair Grounds. The Varsity were out for revenge again and after a hard fought battle defeated the Aggies by a 6-0 score.

The last game was with Savannah High on Thanksgiving Day in Augusta. The Savannah team had easy going the first half, scoring two touchdowns. The Purple and Gold came back strong the second half and also annexed two touchdowns, but failed to kick one goal. The final score was 14-13 in favor of Savannah.

Every year after the regular football season is over it is the custom to have company football. The football players who have made their letters are not allowed to play in order that the inexperienced ones may have a chance to show their ability and to brighten the prospects for more material for the following year.

In company football each company organizes a team, and every company plays each of the other companies to determine the champion team of the battalion.

The first two games were played on Dec. 10th, Co. "B" playing Co. "A", and Co. "D" playing Co. "C". Both were hard fought games, Co. "B" winning from Co. "A" 7-0, Co. "D" winning from Co. "C" 6-0.

The next day of play was Dec. 15, but the standing of the teams was not changed for "B" tied "D" 0-0, and "A" tied "C" 0-0.



THE ARC



On the third day of battle, Dec. 18, "B" won from "C" 24-7, and "D" won from "A" 10-0.

This left "B" and "D" tied for the title, for each company had won from Co. "A" and Co. "C" and had tied each other in a hard fought game. On Jan. 14, the two winners met and in well-played, hard-fought contest, Co. "B" defeated Co. "D" 13-6, thereby winning the championship of the battalion.

When the trees were beginning to bud, and leaves were beginning to come out, the campus became quite a lively scene of action, with all of the baseball aspirants running around getting warmed up, and anxiously waiting for the first call for practice. This glad call came on the 8th of March. There was a grand response, about thirty boys reporting for duty, each one set on making some particular place on the team.

The first few days were used in getting the old stiffness out and getting warmed up for the real practice. When these days were over and the real practice had started, the Varsity slowly took shape, for under the expert eye and tutelage of Coach Crook the best players were selected to represent the Academy on the diamond for 1920.

The team developed, after hard practice and many bumps, into a fast, snappy, brainy team. Each fellow knew what to do with the ball at any time, and all of the others knew what he was going to do with it. In other words, they used fine team work, pulling together all the time.

After the first game, Coach Crook saw that they did not hit as well as he would like, so practice games were arranged at once with the Augusta ball team. This gave both teams practice, and gave the Academy boys more confidence when they faced a prep school pitcher who would by no means be as hard to hit as a professional pitcher who has speed and stuff to burn. This greatly improved the Varsity, and they are now a hitting bunch of ball players.

The first game of the season was with a team from Johnson, S. C. This was a tight 1-1 game up to the eighth inning, when the A. R. C. scored the winning run. The second game was with the Waynesboro High School. This was a one-sided affair due to the expert pitching of Owens, and the field work and heavy hitting of the entire team.

Next on schedule were two games in Milledgeville with G. M. C. They expected a walk away, but were sadly mistaken and did not score until the seventh inning, the final score being 3 to 0 in favor of G. M. C. The second had to be called off on account of rain.

Next were two games with Statesboro. The "Aggies" had a strong team and in the first game the score came out 2-2, after eleven innings of well-played baseball. Luck favored the "Aggies" the next day and they won with the score 1-0.

Following these games were two games with Carlisle. They had a hard hitting team until they came up here and faced Gillman. This is what their Coach said, and we thoroughly agree with him, for in this game Gillman struck out twenty-three and allowed only one hit. The A. R. C. winning 2-0. The second game was not quite so successful, for the Carlisle bunch beat us 6-0.

The last games which the writer will be able to relate in this article were the games with Columbia High School. The Academy won the first game by the score of 7-3, and the second, by the score of 15-1.

Track practice was begun March 16, when Coach Cordle issued a call for candidates. After ten days of practice the Varsity squad was picked as follows: Cleckley (unanimously elected captain), Adams, Sylvester, Trow-



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bridge, Baker, Verdery, C., Law, Halford, Lynch. With these, who were the best in the heavyweight and middleweight classes, practised also the lightweights, the most prominent of whom were Caldwell and Sack. Meets were arranged with G. M. C. and with Lanier High in addition to the Tenth District High School Meet at Thomson. But rain finally caused the abandonment of the trip to G. M. C.

On the local Field Day, April 12, out of seventeen events Academy records were broken in eight. Caldwell heads the list with three in the lightweight class—50-yard dash, 120-yard dash, and running broad jump. Cleckley, the best all-round track athlete seen at the Academy in years, beat the old record of 10 3-5 seconds for the hundred yard dash by one-fifth of a second. He also set a new mark of 37 ft. 6 in. in the twelve-pound shot-put. Adams, middleweight, bettered in his class the time for the 75-yard and 220-yard dashes by two-fifths of a second and one second respectively. In their classes the following were winners: Heavyweight, Cleckley (16 points); middleweight, Adams (20 points); lightweight, Caldwell (18 points).

The results in the various events were as follows:

Lightweight

50-yard dash, 6 1-5 seconds	Caldwell, Norvell, Sack
120-yard dash, 14 1-5 seconds	Caldwell, Norvell, Sack
Running high jump, 4 ft. 5 3-4 in.	Sack, Caldwell, Hendee
Running broad jump, 15 ft. 4 in.	Caldwell, Sack, Hendee

Middleweight

75-yard dash, 8 2-5 seconds	Adams, Halford
220-yard dash, 25 2-5 seconds	Adams, Belding
120-yard low hurdles, 19 3-5 seconds	Halford, Belding, Lynch
Running high jump, 4 ft. 7 in.	Adams, Halford, Belding
Running broad jump, 15 ft. 11 in.	Halford, Law
8-lb. shot-put, 32 ft. 9 in.	Adams, Belding

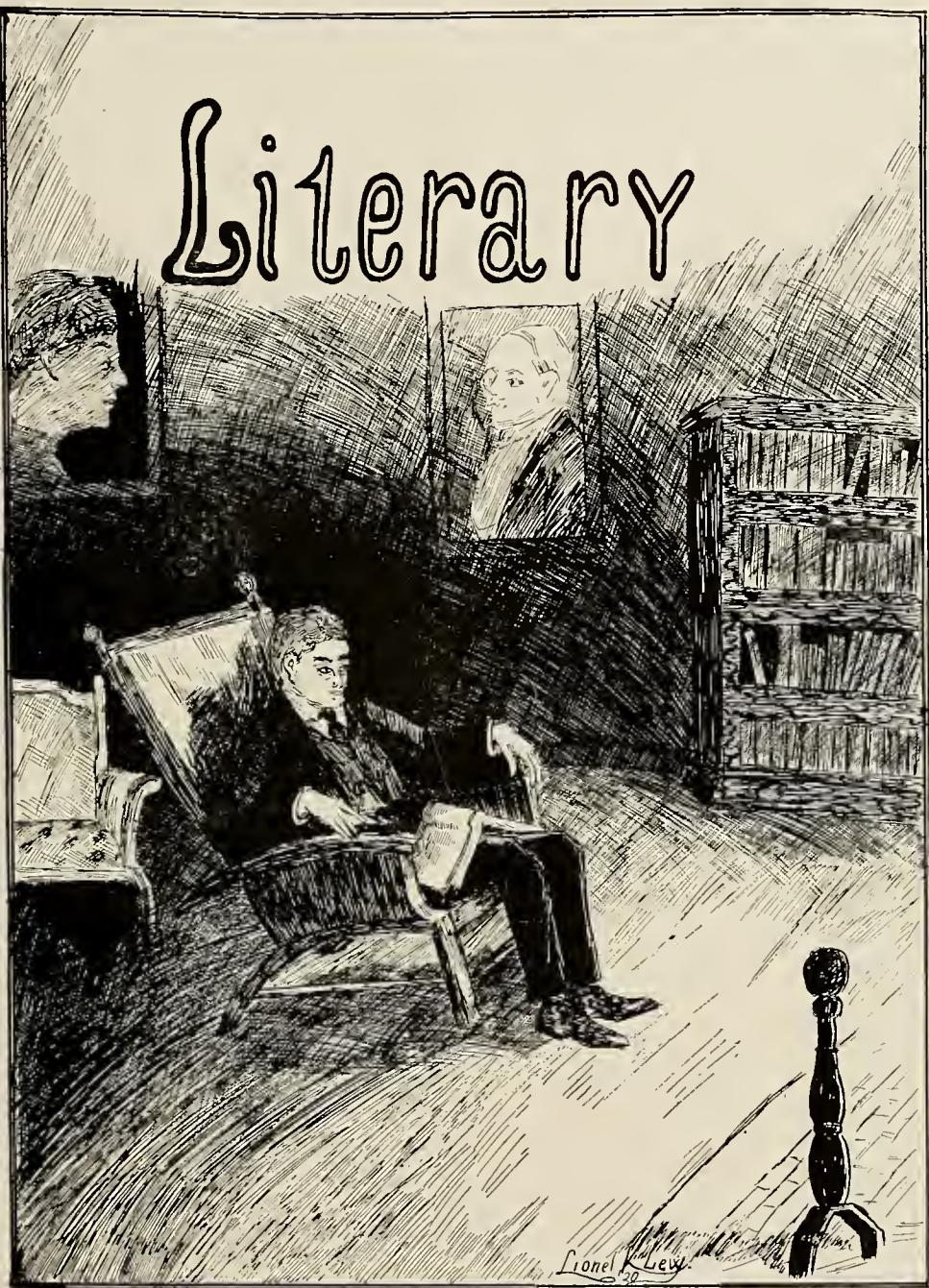
Heavyweight

100-yard dash, 10 2-5 seconds	Cleckley, Sylvester
220-yard dash, 23 3-5 seconds	Cleckley, Baker
440-yard dash, 63 2-5 seconds	Baker, Trowbridge, Lynch
120-yard low hurdles, 18 4-5 seconds	Sylvester, Trowbridge, Cole
Running broad jump, 17 ft. 6 in.	Sylvester, Trowbridge, Cleckley
Pole vault, 7 ft. 7 in.	C. Verdery, Law
12-lb. shot-put, 37 ft. 6 in.	Cleckley, Cole, Sylvester

As the Annual goes to press, it is too early to tell the outcome of the meet with Lanier, but according to the above records the track-team may be relied on to make a creditable showing.

—G. ALBERT THOMPSON, Athletic Editor 1920.

Literary





Out Of a Clear Sky

By CAPT. THOS. PHINIZY

THOUGH I am an American by birth I had the well being of the French nation at heart. Probably this was because of a sense of our indebtedness to France for Lafayette's great service to America. But to make a long matter short, I had always admired France. So that was the reason I had joined that great institution, the French Secret Service.

It was in August, 1912, on one of those wonderful days so well known to the Frenchman, when the air is extremely clear, and free from all dust, with the sun shining brightly as if to dispel all fears. I was seated in the garden of the Louvre, thinking that this was just such a day as was that on which the Duval case had occurred, when my life-long friend, Jean Vaux, came around the corner of a garden house. I welcomed him with our old friendly greeting, but noticed that his face wore an unusually serious expression. I immediately asked him what the trouble was and he told me. That morning, from the Foreign Office had been stolen a very valuable paper and ours was the task of recovering it. He explained to me that M. Ludig, the Foreign Secretary, had been found gagged and bound, but his office had been left in perfect order. It appeared that the print of a man's hand had been found on the desk in the inner office. The hand print was characterized by what was evidently a large scar that cut and almost obliterated the life line. It had been noticed, furthermore, that a very distinguished looking stranger had entered the office early in the morning, but had not been seen to re-appear. On investigation the Secretary had been found in the condition already stated. The unknown man, whom we shall call M. "X.," wore a black suit and a slouch hat. His features were not clearly seen.

It was absolutely certain that M. "X." had the paper in his possession, for immediately after the occurrence the paper was missing. It was clear that the unknown must have disappeared in some mysterious manner; probably through a secret passage. Our first move was to sound the walls of the inner office, but after a careful examination they were found to be solid. As I was passing a large cabinet, apparently made in the time of Louis XIV, my trousers' leg caught on a projecting obstacle and immediately the cabinet swung out with a faintly audible grinding noise. Vaux joined me at once and we both stepped behind the cabinet. To our intense surprise the floor gave away beneath our feet. We felt ourselves sinking slowly. We landed in a stone passage which on further investigation we found to lead to the wall of the building. We were searching the outlet to the passage, when a figure stepped out in front of us. As our electric torch lit up this person's face we were dumfounded to find ourselves in the presence of our chief. And then as out of a clear sky it came to us both simultaneously that he was the owner of the scarred hand. Indeed we remembered that he had received a large sword wound while duelling. He ordered us to retrace our steps and arrest M. Ludig for treason, after which to report to headquarters.

We then went in search for our victim, but were unable to find him. Two hours later, however, he was found at home with a bullet wound in his head. How it happened we were never able to find out.

We reported to headquarters as ordered, and were directly shown into the presence of our chief. His explanation of the affair was as follows:



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For some time it had been suspected that German agents had known of the existence of that paper. But it was not until later that absolute proof had been received that clearly indicated intrigue. Several officials had been bribed and M. Ludig was to deliver the paper. Our chief went in person to interview M. Ludig and on demanding the paper, he had to resort to violence. To keep himself out of publicity the chief had gagged and bound him and beat a hasty retreat, taking with him the paper. And then our part in the case had come in. We learned that the paper was a secret alliance between France and England, which denounced Germany's imperial policy. If it had fallen into German hands it would have precipitated Europe into a bloody war. It was suspected that M. Ludig's death was suicidal, for realizing that his arrest was only a matter of time he had found death preferable to disgrace.



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A Play In One Act—It Was Brown's Idea

By W. L. FULGHUM

SCENE ONE—A student's room. The room has one bed which has not been made up in some time; a broken mirror stands in one corner; two chairs, a water bucket and a rayo lamp are the only other furnishings.

Henry Brown is the owner of the room. He is a chunky fellow; has a devilish eye; tolerably large nose; his mouth turns down at the corners; has a cow-liek in his forehead. He is lying on the bed and occasionally throws his feet as high as he can get them.

Jim Hopkins is his closest friend. He is younger than Henry; a very handsome fellow; has large black eyes and a fine nose. He dresses in a black suit and wears kid gloves. They are engaged in conversation.

Brown—It is about time they are coming. They promised to be here at half past seven. The watch says the time is nearly up. I wish they would hurry, this is to be the night of our lives.

Hopkins—You are a fool, Brown. You have been in college for four years. To my certain knowledge you have not studied three hours a week during that time. You are a genius at books, but you have lost the honors just for such escapades as we are going to undertake tonight. It makes no difference to me, but Turner has you beaten. If the faculty knew how little you work your name would not even be considered. What do you think you will be fit for when you are turned out in June?

Brown—You are a pretty thing to talk about studying. "Let him that is guiltless throw the first stone." By the way, I do not believe that you know a Latin root from a pig's foot, and you a Senior.

Hopkins—What I was going to say is this: if you treat these fellows as you have in mind to do, the faculty will expel you without a hearing.

Brown—What! are you cold-footed? You may call me a fool if you will, but I am no coward. The faculty must find it out before they expel me. Will you join me in the recreation for the night? Our boyhood days will soon be over.

Hopkins—You know that we have been Jonathan and David. I would rather not get expelled this near commencement. I would not have cared so much this time last year, but now our "Dips" are almost won. If, however, you are bent, here is my hand.

Brown—Look here, Hopkins, this is not at all serious. Hand me the Bible. Put your hand on this as a token that the proceedings of this night shall be kept an eternal secret.

Hopkins—Is everything ready? Are the fellows on? Can you trust them?

Brown—Yes, I have posted every one of them. Some of them argued against it as you have done. They say expulsion is certain, but, old boy, if they do not catch us it will be the niftiest thing ever pulled off in this burg. What do you say?

Hopkins—I hear them coming. Shall I let them in?

(Ten big, strong, lusty fellows enter the room. They sit down on the bed. They wear eager looks. The most striking one among them is Bill Turner. He weighs about two hundred pounds.)

Brown—Fellows, we have a barrel of fun on hand for tonight. Hopkins



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and I have been talking the proposition over. We want each and every one of you to take an oath to let the work of this night be tenable in your silence.

Turner—We met Prof. Rhodes in the hall. We tried to dodge him but failed. I do not believe that he recognized us. It is my impression that he has been standing at your door; if so our names are Dennis.

Brown—Gentlemen, listen to me. We are in this and I propose that we carry it to a successful end. Here is our program for tonight: first, we will take the clapper out of the bell—this is an old trick but it will be a good starter; second, we are going to grease every black-board in the school for once; third, we are going to carry five Freshmen three miles from town, tie them securely to trees and let them remain there until six o'clock tomorrow evening; fourth, we are going to disturb every chicken roost in town. (At one o'clock we will have a chicken feast.) Three boys will cook the chickens. We are going to take the President's brag rooster; at two o'clock we are going to alarm this town and community as it has never been alarmed before; sixth, when the President makes his talk at Chapel in the morning we shall all be there (except the five Freshmen); seventh, we are to know nothing that has happened during the night. Does everybody understand?

All—We understand.

Turner—Let us hurry to finish this night's work—

These are tasks we should not shirk.

SCENE Two—Faculty study. The President, who is seated in his big arm-chair, has a very sour look on his face. The Faculty is present to a man. They present the appearance of being much wrought up.

The President—Gentlemen: you already know the reason for this meeting. No such disturbance has ever occurred in this institution since I have been President. It was malicious from start to finish. What are your ideas about proceeding with the investigation?

Prof. Rhodes—I was in the hall last night and met a crowd of boys. They tried to dodge me, but I recognized Turner. I thought it was too big a group for an ordinary occasion.

Prof. Gay—You are right. I'll bet five dollars that Turner was in that business last night. He is the smartest man in the class; he is also the meanest.

Prof. Ware—The town people are the maddest they have been in years. Mr. Skinner's big shepherd dog was sheared into the hide; Dr. Clinton's finest rooster is gone (the rooster cost him ten dollars); there is a shameful sign on Matthew's store.

Prof. Lewis—I move, Mr. President, that you send some one for Turner.

Prof. Gay—I second the motion. But Turner is a slick duck; just watch him slip from under us when he gets here.

The President—Do not condemn the fellow before he has been given a chance. If he is guilty we will expel him. Mr. Dargan, will you please go for Turner?

Prof. Mikell—I have not said anything yet, but I believe that Brown is as mean as Turner. You know it has not happened in years that we have had two of the smartest men in the class to turn out to be also the two meanest. My idea is we shall never get to the bottom of this.

(Turner comes in, takes his seat. This is not his first time before the Faculty. Yet, he has never been found guilty of anything definite. He is very calm.)



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Mr. President—Mr. Turner, you are summoned before this Faculty to tell us what information you may have concerning last night's destructive work. This is the most serious thing that has ever happened to us. It is calculated to put a stain on our good name that we cannot get over for years. There are five Freshmen missing. Some have gone so far as to say they suspect murder. I do not share this opinion, however. But the work is that of desperadoes and not school boys. We have reason to believe that you know something of this. We do not suspect you as particeps criminis.

Prof. Gay—You are speaking only for yourself, Mr. President. I think not only that Turner knows about it, but that he was the leader.

The President—Where were you going last night, Mr. Turner, when you met Prof. Rhodes, and how many boys were with you?

Turner—I am very sorry that any member of this Faculty should think that I was a party to that affair last night. I beg Prof. Rhodes' pardon, but he is wrong. I was not out of my room. A crowd of boys came to my room about seven-thirty, wanting me to join them in a little innocent amusement for the evening. I had some extra work in Philosophy on hand, and consequently could not join them.

The President—Who were the boys who came to your room?

Turner—Brown and Hopkins, Jack Freel and Sterling Miller.

The President—Who was spokesman for the crowd?

Turner—Brown.

The President—What did he say they were going to do?

Turner—He said that they had a little innocent amusement up and would like me to join them.

The President—Why you more than anyone else?

Turner—They said if they should be caught up with I could get them out of trouble more easily than anyone else.

The President—Did this not appeal to your vanity?

Turner—I would have joined them if I had not been in the race for honors.

Prof. Rhodes—Did you say, Mr. Turner, that I did not see you last night?

Turner—It seems that I made a remark of that kind, Prof. Rhodes.

Prof. Rhodes—I think I know you pretty well. I am sure that the person I saw wore a suit very much like yours, and hat also.

Turner—I am not responsible for all the fellows who happen to wear suits like mine.

Prof. Rhodes—It is possible I may have mistaken. If so I beg your pardon for connecting your name in this affair.

The President—Mr. Turner, I want to ask you one other question, do you know anything at all about this affair?

Turner—I do not.

The President—You may go.

Prof. Gay—Turner is the biggest liar that ever hit this town. He has a brilliant mind. He is the leader of that gang.

Prof. Mikell—You are wrong; Brown is the mainspring of this business.

The President—Mr. Dargan, please bring Brown.



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Prof. Rhodes—What do you reckon happened to those Freshmen? Surely nothing serious befell them.

Prof. Ware—Rhodes, hand me a cigar. Watch me blow a “ringer”—some class to that.

Prof. Rhodes—Any man can blow “ringers” on the other man’s cigars.

Prof. Ware—I was animadverting on some diaphragmic phenomena today and what do you think I discovered, Mikell.

Prof. Mikell—Bull, I guess.

(Brown comes in.)

The President—Have a seat, Mr. Brown. You are cognizant of all the things that happened last night. We want all the information you have on the subject. Your name has been slightly connected with it. You wish to clear it up, I am sure.

Brown—To be sure I would not like to be condemned without a trial. I am sure I can set myself right in your eyes.

The President—What time were you in Turner’s room last night?

Brown—I was not in Turner’s room at all last night. Hopkins came to my room and asked me to go to Turner’s, but I had a severe headache so I told him that I was going to bed immediately.

The President—Was there anyone with Hopkins?

Brown—No, sir.

The President—Did you go to bed immediately?

Brown—I did.

The President—Did you hear that alarm this morning at two o’clock.

Brown—I did not.

The President—What is your attitude toward such an incident as happened last night?

Brown—Uncompromisingly antagonistic.

The President—Do you know anything about the affair?

Brown—I do not.

The President—That is all, you may go.

Prof. Gay—Brown would make Iago ashamed of himself.

Prof. Mikell—I like these fellows. I do not believe they are the right ones. They may know about it, but I venture that the fellow who did it has not been mentioned. I said at first that it is my opinion that Brown was the man and I think yet that he is mean enough to do it, although he put up a pretty straight tale.

The President—Prof. Rhodes, will you call Hopkins?

Prof. Gay—These three fellows have talked this matter over. They are agreed. This is a made-up story they are telling us. They are the very fellows who planned and executed the work.

Prof. Ware—Hand me another cigar, Rhodes, and watch me “ringer”—some class to this.

Prof. Mikell—I move that the Faculty throw in a mite to get Ware enough cigars to do him next week. I wonder what he does when he is at home?

(Hopkins comes in. He has on a good looking suit of clothes, kid gloves and holds a fashionable derby in his hand.)



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The President—Mr. Hopkins, you are charged with participating in the general tear-up of last night. I expect you to tell the truth.

Hopkins—It shall be my greatest pleasure to give you whatever information I may possess.

The President—Where were you last night about seven-thirty?

Hopkins—I was three miles out of town last night, spending a while with my friend, Hatcher.

The President—Brown said you were at his room last night; so did Turner.

Hopkins—They are both truthful boys, but they are certainly wrong. I came home this morning about chapel time. My brother, who graduated here last year, was at the dormitory last night. He went round to Brown's room; so he told me today. He said while he was there that Turner and some other boys came in. Did Turner or Brown say Jim Hopkins or just Hopkins?

Prof. Rhodes—That's right; they did not say Jim Hopkins and I remember seeing your brother here today.

The President—You may go.

Prof Ware—Give me another cigar—some class to this.

The President—Last night's work is deeply concealed,
Nor will it soon be revealed.

SCENE THREE—Brown's room. Two o'clock in the morning. Hopkins, Brown, and Turner are in earnest conversation. The light burns dimly. The bed has not been touched during the night.

Brown—The five Freshmen were loosed at sundown. They are cooked. One of them has something desperate in his mind. He bought a number one pistol today and has sworn that he will shoot me before the sun goes down on another day.

Hopkins—Are they going to tell everything?

Turner—They are afraid to open their mouths; furthermore, they will not touch a one of us.

Brown—It worked as smoothly as oiled machinery.

Hopkins—The tale we put up to the Faculty was some stroke of genius. I believe they have rested the case.

Turner—The President is going to call us all kinds of names in the morning at Chapel. We had better macadamize our faces tonight—the rest of it.

Brown—I have an idea.

Hopkins—What is it?

Brown—Confess the whole story at chapel in the morning and ask for the clemency of the court.

Hopkins—What are you talking about? You are a fool. No confession for me. If you are going to do that, help me pack my trunk and I will be a good ways from here when you are making your little confession. It would be a nice climax to our story. What do you say Turner?

Turner—Brown is a favorite of the Faculty and it would not hurt him much. But it will ruin me as I am in the race for honors. Of course it would save the Faculty a lot of trouble. But Hopkins must face the music, too. If they expel one, all must go.

Hopkins—I can stand it if you fellows can, because I have not much to lose. I propose that we have a speech apiece at chapel.



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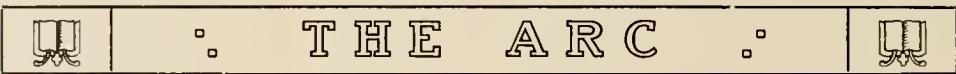
Brown—You misunderstand me just a little. My conscience is not troubling me in the least. Only one consideration would lead me to the step we are about to take.

Hopkins—What is that, Brown?

Brown—With the proper speeches before the Faculty and the student body in the morning we shall be the three most prominent men in college. I suggest that Turner make the first speech, you the second, and I the third. Today is the big political day of the year. We will elect every officer for next year. Do you get me? When we confess the President will make a speech in our behalf and praise us to the skies for the manly confession—tell the student body how much he thinks of us. Do you get me?

Turner—By George, Brown, you out Sherlock Holmes. It has come to me on a freight train, but I have you at last. You saw all this when you planned the work of last night. I retire from the race for first honor and will so announce it when I make my confession.

Brown—The Faculty tries but cannot find
What some nifty boys have in mind.



The Miracle of the Ideal

By HUGH PAULHILL ROBERTS

TIT was in the early fall. There were no birds singing in the trees. The flowers were dead, leaving no color anywhere, save the dull brown of leaves and trees. The wild sadness of the season overshadowed all.

Down the sidewalk came Robert Arling, a cadet of A. M. A. His uniform showed the usual neatness characteristic of a cadet of this historic institution. His step was uncertain, and he appeared to be deeply worried over something. In his hand he was holding his first report of the year. It was by no means a good report—all “D’s” but one “C.”

He glanced down at the two little gold bars on his right sleeve. One—highest honor—he had won in his freshman year; the other—high honor—in his sophomore year. These seemed to remind him of forgotten days. For his third and fourth years there was no bars. He was now a senior, and, from this first report of the year, it was evident that there would be only two bars on his sleeve at Commencement, next Spring.

What was the trouble? Was some unknown disease eating its way into his brain? Had he exhausted his brain power? Or had he merely lost interest in his studies? All these questions ran swiftly through his mind as he walked on toward school.

At the next corner a girl passed across the street in front of him. Her figure was slender, but outlined with graceful corners, and down her back a mass of golden curls hung. Her face, too, was beautiful. But this was nothing unusual; nature had been liberal to his home town, in the matter of beautiful girls.

But somehow his eyes seemed to adhere to this small figure, as she passed before him. Then he recognized her—it was Mildred Carlton. He had known Mildred at grammar school—so well in fact as to be termed just a little worse than friends. But that was a long time ago, when he was young and foolish, he thought.

He would have called out, “Hello, Mildred!”; would have gone up to her and renewed a friendship that had once been. He might renew something worse, though, or else develop it, and his report would surely not bear for him to indulge in love, that disease that does not even stop at death. Love is an idle man’s business he thought—better be shy. And so sinking down into his melancholy, he continued toward the school.

His day passed by as usual—giving poor recitations, hurrying home for lunch, and then back to coaching classes. And now he was sitting before the dying coals, studying. The crow of neighbors’ roosters broke the silence of the night and told him it was bed time. Getting up from his chair he took five graham crackers from a box on the table, ate them, and went to bed.

Sleep came instantly, and the dreams of bygone days. He was in grammar school again, reciting. How easily he answered the questions! There were Amy, Louise, Annie, Margaret, and across to his right was Mildred—smiling—adorable, little Mildred. He wrote a note and passed it over to her, and, reading it, she tossed her pretty curls and smiled—how sweet that smile was. He seemed to be in a fairy land with the queen, and he wished to remain



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forever. Then he felt himself half awake; he tried to prolong his dream, but it passed like a summer cloud, and now he was again in a world grown too wise to laugh and sing, cold and cruel.

That morning he took just a little more pains with his toilet; he did not know why. Around Mildred he began to fashion, slowly, with the skill of a sculptor, his ideal. Days passed, each one adding to his ideal, and the higher he constructed it, the more he found himself trying to live up to it. His friends began to notice something strange about him. His shoes were always shined, trousers creased, hair cut, a dash of cologne on his handkerchief, and he wore an agreeable smile.

The end of the month came, and a report, as of old. All "straight 'A's'! His ideal was accomplishing the miracle, was pulling him up, and up, and he never seemed content to stop. But he was not satisfied.

The afternoons he once spent in coaching classes, he now spends in roaming the streets and standing on the corner in hope of seeing his ideal. But ever he studied at night. Christmas came, and in the mad rush of the crowd, he saw phantoms of her—always a fleeting glance. Sometimes he tried to follow her, but always he lost her in the mad rush.

His heart seemed to generate love for Mildred, and it was like a boiler with no outlet. To relieve the strain he flirted with the girls over at the 5c and 10c store, and with the auburn haired little cashier over at the "Gaiety." He was now walking aimlessly down the street, and, seized with a sudden desire for candy, he drifted into the 5c and 10c store.

"Hello, little goo-goo eyes," he said to the baby-faced girl at the candy department. "Give me a quarter of a pound of your best chocolates."

"Certainly," she said with a smile as she weighed out some chocolate creams.

Just then Jimmy Smith came up and, putting one hand to his mouth, whispered: "I'm gonna tell Mildred on you." One day when his emotions were high he had told Jimmy about Mildred and had described her with not a few superlatives.

Robert put the creams in his pocket and, seeing the floor-walker approaching, moved on. Jimmy began to say sweet things to little "Googoo Eyes," letting the floor-walker come right up to him, and in his confusion he bought a half pound of "Longboy Bucket Mixture."

Near the middle of the store Robert was attracted by a new girl selling candy at an extra counter put up to take care of the Christmas rush. He walked over and said, "Give me a dime's worth of these chocolates, please." He meant to say something else, but she seemed so nice and pretty. She was not the usual "Chewing-Gum-Liz" type; she was a fine girl, just working to earn some Christmas money, probably. In her, he seemed to see a resemblance to his long lost Mildred. She seemed to be trying to recognize him—asking him useless questions. "A dime's worth did you say?" and "Do you want it mixed?" She looked up from her scales to steal a glance at him, and kept on putting in candy, after the scales had balanced. He was confused. He put the candy in his pocket and moved on toward the door, for he saw Jimmy approaching, and his, "I'm gonna tell Mildred on you," would surely complicate things. Jimmy was cartoonist for the school paper—why didn't he get funny in it; there was plenty of opportunity. Robert wished he would go to a certain place that begins with an "H"—Heaven, or hospital.

A little way down the street he pitched the first bag of candy to a news-boy, and went into a "movie." When he came out he went straight to the department store for more candy. That must have been Mildred, he thought. Her



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hand was so dainty and pretty. Just to touch it in giving her the dime, was worth the price of a pound of candy, but he had mistaken; for, while he was at the counter, her companion called her by name. Edith it was, so he was soon in the streets again, where the mad rush of Christmas shoppers seemed to distract him.

The Christmas holidays were soon over and in his studies Robert gradually lost his mad passion to find Mildred, yet still she stayed in his imagination, as an ideal. Some day fate would bring them together again. He would live right, prepare, and make himself worthy of her.

The winter slipped quickly away and spring came, with its sunshine and flowers; and his ideal once more began to haunt him. He saw her in his dreams, in the rocks, in flowers, and in the clouds; and felt her in the fragrance of the meadow; even he heard the echo of her voice in the voice of the birds.

Commencement came, bringing him high honors, but they seemed as nothing. Ambition was burning in him. He saw things in the world to be done, and he wanted to get out and do them. When the world dealt him cruel blows he wanted someone to take him and dress his wounds, as it were, and inspire him; and he wanted that someone to be Mildred.

It was now the day after Commencement, and Robert was on his way home from town. He stopped before a shop window for a minute, and on looking up, he saw his ideal, his own sweet little Mildred. He tried to speak, but couldn't. As she had not recognized him, he decided to follow her, to find where she lived.

At the corner she turned, and in turning, he saw her face again—in profile. She looked so sweet and dainty, so slender and petite, so beautiful, he wanted to take her in his arms, draw her to him, and crush her as he would a rose.

For three blocks he followed, admiring, worshiping her. And then she turned in the direction of the sand hill district, that small forbidden region of failure, despair, and death; the blot upon the fair name of the city, whither the souls of many youths had gone before never to return. Why was she going there? There seemed to be no answer.

Two blocks on she turned at the gate of a large brick house—Mildred! the girl of his dreams; the girl that had kindled a new fire in him, had made an honor man of him, had given him a new grip on life! His ideal was shattered. He hesitated at the gate. He would go in. Life no longer meant anything.

But his ideal had molded deep down in his character something that refused to let him act. He was unable to move. Then, as a man who hesitated to get out of bed on a cold morning, and then suddenly gets up without any effort, Robert turned and walked in the direction of his home on the other side of town.

As he walked silently toward his home, he failed to hear the never ceasing song of birds, to smell the fragrance of the grass and flowers of the wayside, to appreciate the fresh warm coats worn by the trees. He failed to see a young lady as he turned the corner of a rose covered fence. He ran into her, his right foot tripping her. He reached out his arm to keep her from falling to the pavement, and then he looked down, down into the large blue eyes of Mildred. The world in his arm!

She was no longer a wisp of a girl, her hair no longer hung in curls down her back; for she was youth, womanhood in the bud. She exclaimed:

"Why, Robert! Hello, Robert!"

"Mildred! Where have you been?" was all he could say.



THE ARC



"Oh," she said, "I just graduated from M. H. S. in Carthage yesterday, and arrived home this morning."

Five minutes later on their way to her home a long, lanky individual lifted his hat, put one hand to his mouth and whispered:

"Gonna tell Mildred on you."

Hiram Hambone's Letters to His Girl Susie Haystalk

By HARMAN REED CLARK, 2nd Lieut. Band

Mi derest Suzee.

i am settin down to rite yu these hear fu lines tu let yu no how we is gitten along hear at skool. Mr. Copeland sez he is proud to cum frum sugar valley but Norwell sez he is powder cause he dun cum frum the sity of Grovetown. Mr. Copeland dun cum from the country part of sugar valley whar they have the big sugar swamps so Toby sez. He awt tu no cause he's frum Langley.

Today who du yu reckon i dun met, mi old frend Blushing Burdashaw. This is superflushious cause he always go by plane Burdy. He is the captan of our band and he is also sum horn tooter. He always play the Vieyola fluently and pump the playing piano with a nasty hoof. Suzee yu dun have to forgive me from cussin but that is the ony way to explane hit. Mr. Cason is shure sum engleesh instrukter as yu seed alredy bi the way i is impruvin long this hear subgett.

Mr. Copeland helps me to git good langwages two frum argifying with him. he aint the arguer he thinks he is. He is goin to Houghton nex yeer so he kin argy with children who aint got the cence we have. rite soon.

cincerely, Hiram.

Mi derest Suzee.

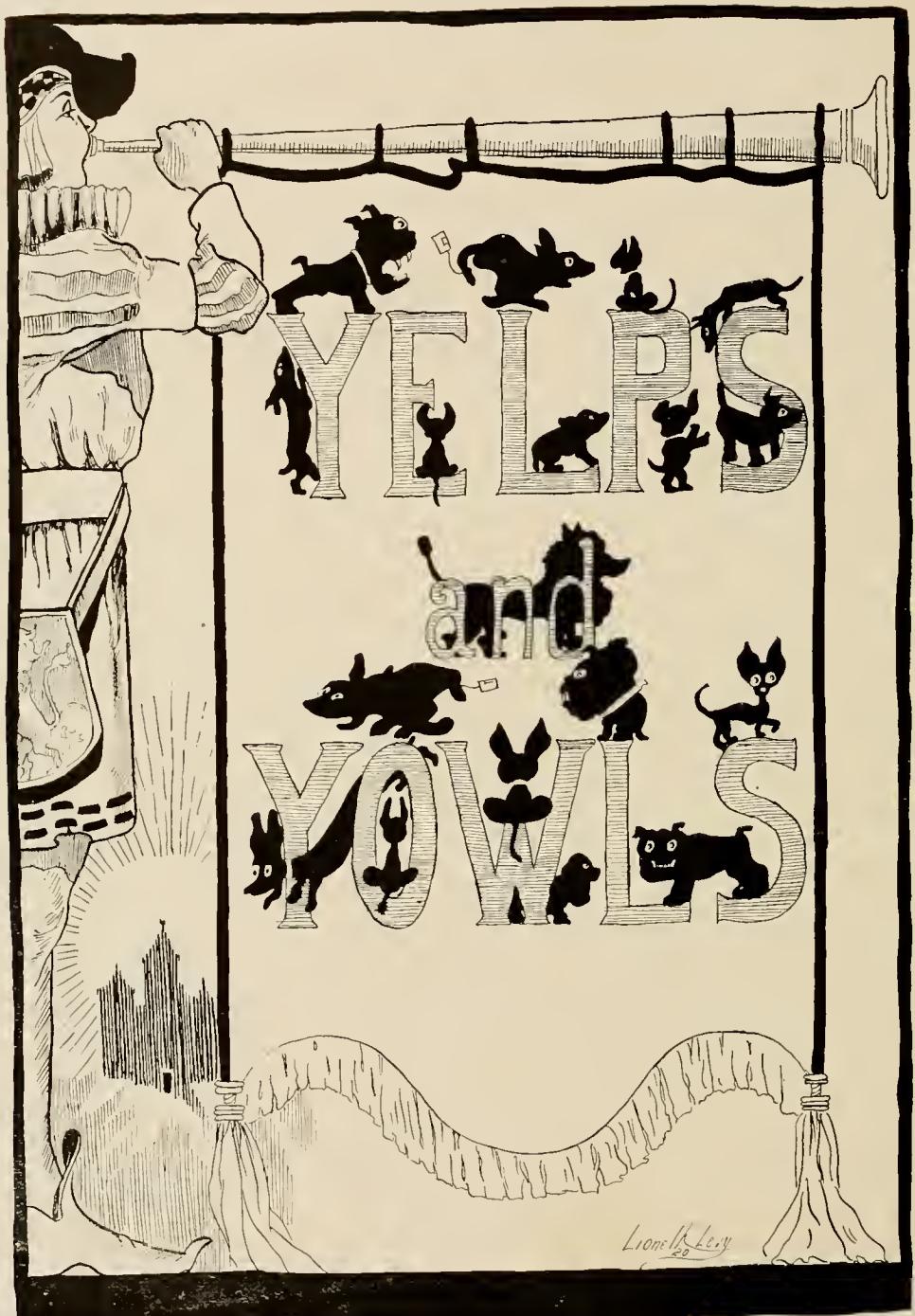
Well here i am going to rite yu another epistol. You remember Norman Toby the musickal fello. He tole me how he cum to git on to musick. He worked in a wood yard, not Tanenbaums and buy cuttin up wood he got chords. He dont like fonograf musick cause it always remind him of a chicken. it scratches. Our bizeness manger Allen Symms tole me the sekrit of his yung life the other day. he's got a gal. Whoed ever thought hit uf him, but he is awl rite. He is goin to be a seckond mager highpockets sum of these days, he sure got militer extenshions down korreck.

Well sumthni funny hapened the other day in fizzyloghy klass so "kildee" tole me. Mr. Scruggs sed the reason cink pipes never git stopped up is becuz it has so mutch greese from the dish water that it just slides rite on down like a man kliming up a greezed pole.

Well Suzee its gitten neer end of skool and i reckon the nex time i rite i will be seeing you.

Yourn two nex time,

Hiram.





THE ARC



J - O - K - E - S

"PREACH" VERDERY, *Editor*

"DAGO" ATTRIDGE, *Asst. Editor*

*The Joke Editor may work until
His brains and hands are sore,
But some poor duffer's sure to say
"Aw, I've heard that before."*

HEARD IN CLASS

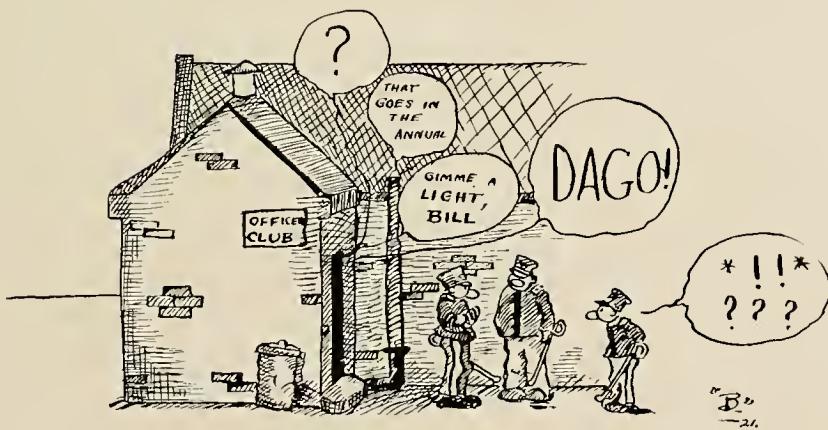
Prof: "In what three states does matter appear?"
Freshman: "Georgia, Alabama and Florida."

Mr. Copeland: "Norvell, turn around here and pay attention."
Norvell: "Mr. Copeland I can't help laughing at those kids."
Mr. Copeland: "If you'd look at me you wouldn't have to laugh at them."

Mr. Cason: "What effect has a bad note on music?"
Bright Guy: "It sounds like the Academy Band."

COPIED FROM THE CHRONICLE

"Several hundred feet of this local Moving Picture film are devoted to activities at Richmond County Academy. Major George P. Buller and faculty are seen on the old campus, followed by Major E. C. B. Danforth, Jr., and staff."



OFFICERS' CLUB

Razzle: "Did you see Tom and Dorothy 'camel'?"
Dazzle: "I don't know Dorothy Campbell."

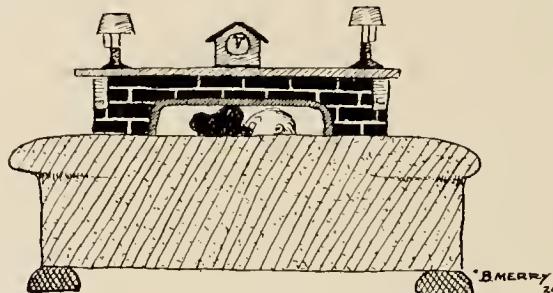
Sweet Female: "Morton, dear, I'm getting cold." "Venus" immediately arises from beside her, goes down and fires the furnace.

THE ARC

ADVICE TO SENIORS

How to get engaged:

1. Get an automobile (Comme Monsieur Verdery).
2. Get a good "line" (Comme Howell et Phinizy).
3. Get a dress suit (Comme Monsieur Norvell).
4. Get a job (Comme Monsieur Symms).
5. Get a girl (Comme Henry et Dimmock).
6. Keep other fellows away (Comme Monsieur Thompson).



A. R. C. Senior: "You are the very breath of my life."
She: "Then hold your breath for a while."

Many an arm has gone to waist in an automobile.

HONEST CONFESSION

Mr. J. L. S.: "We are now dealing with concrete objects."
Burdashaw: "You have been dealing with them ever since you've been teaching me."

Here's another smile to add to the list: The smile that Major gives just before he hands out the report cards; it's the most cynical of them all.

Dicken's—an author, also a polite term for the devil. (Ex.)

A dollar is getting to be of such little value that it will hardly pay for the wear and tear on your pocket. (Ex.)

Osrie: "What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"
Oswald: "One comes in bottles, the other in chests." (Ex.)

Concerning College foot ball teams
Too oft it comes to pass,
The man who's half-back in the field
Is 'way back in his class.

DURING ENGLISH CLASS

Pheas: "On my grand-father's farm was a large dam which extended as far as from here, (the Historie) to Jackson street. Now what does that remind you of?"

Student: "A dam lie."

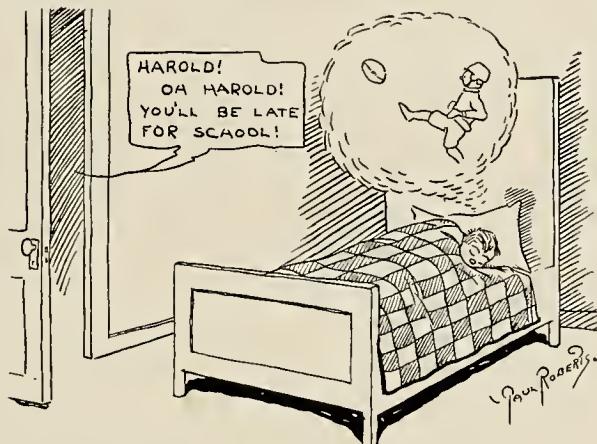


THE ARC



A certain lady says that the cause of the recent break between her daughter and Capt. Phinizy, is Tom's tendency for rash love-making and her daughter's dislike for it.

Why does Sergeant Philpot like mules?
Oh you Maud!



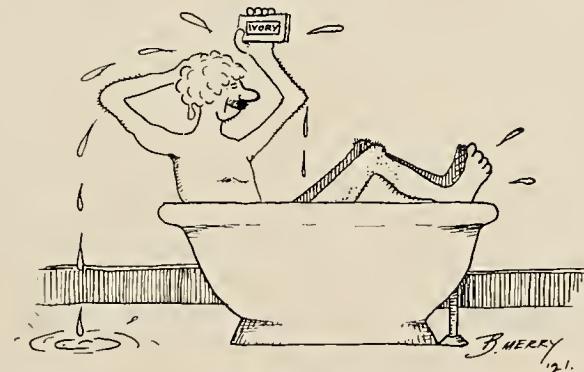
Say "Boo!" and watch Sergeant Cleekley blush.

Who ruined Thompson's young life?
Crook!

Prof. Cordle upon leaving Lombard's swimming pond remarked that it was the first time that he had been in the water in two years. (He hasn't been to Lombard's since that time.)

Guy and Bryan are now called the Mary brothers.

When Mr. Scruggs visited the Medical College, why did he ask if the diaphragm was air-tight?



HIS ANNUAL

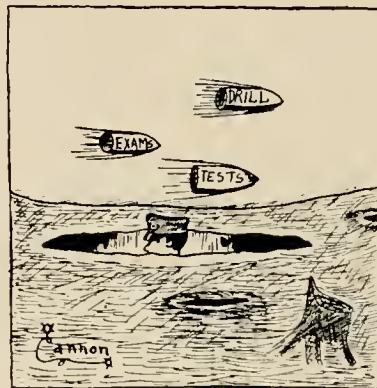
THE ARC

Old painter to beginner: "I painted some fruit that was so real that when I placed it out to dry, the birds picked at it."

Beginner: "That's nothing. I painted a picture of a hen so real that when I put it on the shelf it laid there."

THE DIFFERENCE

When an officer makes a mistake he says: "As you were." When a private makes a mistake, he gets h—l.



ITS A HELLUVA HOLE

GEOMETRY

Proposition I.

Theorem: If I love her then she loves me.

Given: I love her.

To prove: That she loves me.

Proof: I love her (given).

But, all the world loves a lover.

(Old saying, having been proved before.)

Since—She is all the world to me (substitution).

. . . She loves me. Q. E. D. (Ex.)

Doctor: "Shall I vaccinate your arm?"

Actress: "Heavens! No, of course not. Think of me, an actress, with a scar on my arm. You must vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "I think in that case you had better take it internally."



A girl who makes a hit with me
'Tis little Sallie Green;
She never has aspired to be
A motion picture queen.

The lass we doff our chapeaux to
Is little Sadie Dorm
She doesn't have a duck fit
When she sees a uniform.

The maid I say, who'll take the cake
Is pretty Dorothy Mix,
Her eyes—her hair—her lips—
And her Hudson Super Six. (Ex.)

GETTING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS



: THE ARC :



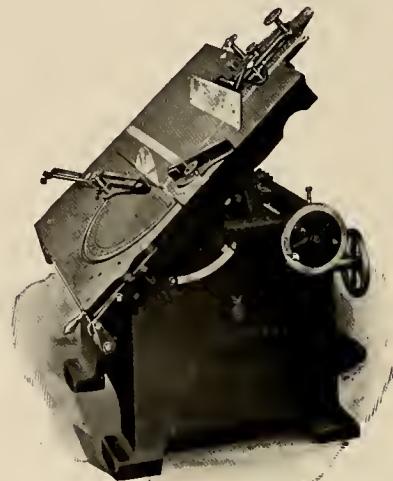
The following offices have been filled by unanimous consent of the Student Body:

Champion Liar	Eugene Baker
Official Fool	Foster Gibson, Jr.
Most Dogmatic	Kilpatrick, Charles McCord
Most Dignified	Doar, F.
Best Musician	Alex Frank on the Soup Spoon
Biggest Mouth	Holland and Philpot
Prettiest Boy	Rosborough
Most Graceful	Nachman
Biggest Politician	Bill Morris
Most Brilliant	Oetjen, L.
All Round Ladies' Man	Crook, ("Phess")
Professional Crap Shooter	Capt. Symms
3 Second Man	Tom Dawson
Iron Man	Pete McCreary
Most Religious	Attridge, C.
Best Golf Players	Rosborough, Robertson, P.
Lady Killer of Harrisburg	Big Bill
Most Graceful Runner	Cole "8"
Cootie Catcher of Football Team	Gillman, C.
Most Melodious Laugher	Heath, C. E.
Most Delicate	Thompson, A.
Best Athletes	Fourcher and Cook
Most Hilarious	Burdashaw, Wm.
Most Conceited	Levy, L. K.
Biggest Ruff-Neks	Cleckley, Philpot, Kilpatrick, A.
Biggest Bolshevik	Riddlehoover
Most Scientific	Cousin Cassius



The ACADEMY of RICHMOND COUNTY

AUGUSTA, GA.



(Founded in 1783)

STANDARDS—

The oldest educational institution in this part of the South, it has done a notable service in training her sons for more than a century and a third. High ideals of scholarship are second only to the standards of character which are demanded. Adaptation of its work to the needs of the individual has been developed to an unusual extent, resulting in a degree of efficiency impossible without such flexibility. This is combined with the long-established policy of requiring a reasonable amount of satisfactory work by every student if he is to remain in the school.

These high standards have been fully justified by the excellence of the records made by the graduates and by the well-attested popularity of the school, its attendance having trebled within the last decade.

EQUIPMENT—

Campus extending over most of a large city block contains the Academic Building, the Technical Building, the Dormitory, the Armory and the Field House; Warren Park on the outskirts of the City is one of the finest Athletic Fields in the South. The Science Laboratories, the Woodshop, the Forge and Machine Shop, the Drawing Room and the Commercial Department are especially well-equipped for first-class work.

COURSES—

Classical, Scientific, Technical, Commercial and General extended over four years of Standard High School Work and one year of Freshman College work—the latter identical with most of the Freshman Courses at the University of Georgia and the Georgia School of Technology where our graduates entering as full Sophomores have made an enviable reputation for the Academy.

Military Training is compulsory except for Seniors and other students eighteen years of age. All athletic teams are under Faculty supervision and coaching.

DORMITORY—

A large brick building with excellent equipment, steam heat, hot and cold water, shower baths, electric lights, etc. Dormitory students deficient in any study are required to study in the Study Hall with a Teacher in charge to supervise and assist them. The Dormitory administration is fully abreast with the standards insisted upon in other departments of the school. Board and tuition are reduced to a minimum.

For detailed information, write

GEO. P. BUTLER, *Principal*
AUGUSTA, GA.



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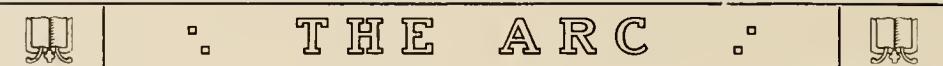
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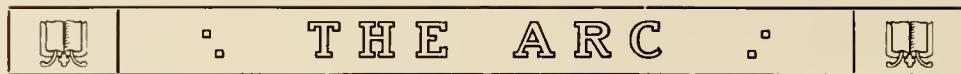
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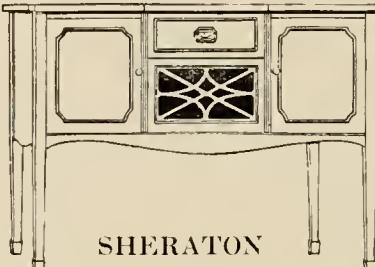
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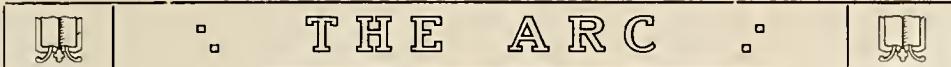
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